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## COVER: A beefy huddle brightens football's season and Chicago's winter

46

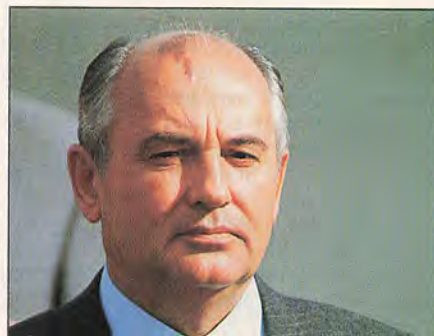
From Walter Payton to William Perry, modern Bears worthy of George Halas and Bronko Nagurski are off to New Orleans for their first Super Bowl. ► The enchanted opponent, New England's surprising Patriots, debuts too, under Raymond Berry. ► From I to XIX, each of the past games is revisited by one thoughtful man. See SPORT.



## NATION: Gorbachev offers a sweeping proposal to eliminate nuclear arms

18

A startled Reagan Administration studies the Soviets' plan for reaching a nuclear-free utopia by 2000 and wonders if the scheme is a genuine breakthrough or simply a propaganda ploy. ► Kansas Republican Bob Dole, the acerbic Senate Majority Leader, braces for a run at the presidency. ► America honors the birthday of slain Civil Rights Leader Martin Luther King Jr. with a national holiday.



## BOOKS: In New York City, the 48th PEN Congress generates heat and light

74

Norman Mailer defends his invitation of Secretary of State George Shultz as E.L. Doctorow and Nadine Gordimer counterattack. Germany's Günter Grass squares off against Nobel Laureate Saul Bellow, and some 800 delegates from more than 40 countries try to imagine "The Imagination of the State."



### 28

#### World

Peru's young President takes on the banks.  
► Marxist vs. Marxist in South Yemen.  
► More guns than butter in Gaddafi's Libya.

### 36

#### Economy & Business

TIME's European economists predict continued growth in 1986.  
► Drugs on the job.  
► Cosmic shootouts on Planet Photon.

### 58

#### Space

Journalists vie for a shuttle berth as a Florida Congressman finally comes down and a New Hampshire teacher prepares to go up.

### 59

#### Medicine

Extended-wear contact lenses, worn by millions of Americans, may cause corneal damage.  
► Warnings about an overdone operation.

### 7 Letters

#### 61 Press

#### 63 People

#### 66 Show Business

#### 78 Theater

#### 78 Milestones

### 64

#### Cinema

Nick Nolte brings redemption to the rich in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. ► Pirandello comes richly to the screen in *Kaos*.

### 67

#### Art

A show of the early works of Lyonel Feininger reveals his roots as an illustrator and his youthful fixation on the 19th century.

### 70

#### Computers

New Hampshire Governor John Sununu, a devoted computer buff, runs the Granite State with machines that are state of the art.

### 80

#### Essay

The death of Joseph Kraft raises thoughts on what is ephemeral and what is lasting in a newspaper column. What does a column do?

#### Cover:

Photograph by Ken Regan—Camera 5



## A Letter from the Publisher

**A**fter covering the past 16 Super Bowls, Sport Writer Tom Callahan qualifies as an expert on America's football classic. To get a unique perspective on these near mythic contests, as well as round out his cover stories on the mighty Chicago Bears as they head into Super Bowl XX against the New England Patriots, Callahan compiled vignettes on 19 former participants, one from each game. For some, Super Sunday has receded in memory as just another day on the job; for others, it has made the rest of life anticlimactic. Taken together, says Callahan, their tales convey "a feeling for the many roads that lead away from that game."

Rounding up photographs of these old Boys of Autumn proved to be a daunting task for Picture Researcher MaryAnne Golon. "Finding historical shots from the games themselves was practically impossible, since many of the men Tom talked to did not play starring roles on those days," she says. "So we decided to take pictures of them in the jerseys they wore in the Super Bowls." Easier said than done, however. Former Minnesota Viking Alan Page of Super Bowl XI, now a special assistant to the Minnesota attorney general, and former Los Angeles Ram Fred Dryer of Super Bowl XIV, now an actor on the TV series *Hunter*, were not interested in re-creating their gridiron days. "I appealed to Dryer's sportsmanship and persuaded Page by telling



Golon models for Super Bowl XX

him to pretend he was being photographed for the Pro Football Hall of Fame," says Golon.

Others could not come up with the requisite team jerseys. Former New York Jet Johnny Sample of Super Bowl III was unable to find his, and even the team could not help out: today's Jets jerseys are designed differently from those of 17 years ago. Golon finally had to commission a sporting-goods firm to make up a facsimile of a 1969 jersey.

Golon's biggest challenge, and only partial disappointment, was former Miami Dolphin Mercury Morris of Super Bowl VIII, now serving a 15-to-20-year prison sentence on drug charges in Florida. "To get approval for a picture session in the Dade County correctional institution, I had to phone the head of the Florida state department of corrections, the penitentiary superintendent and Morris' lawyer, many of them several times," she says. "Four hours before the shoot they decided we

could take the pictures, but Morris couldn't wear the jersey." Though the prison permitted Photographer Red Morgan to cart in lights, cameras and pounds of paraphernalia, Morris' jersey was deemed to be contraband. To authorities, apparently, Morris is no longer No. 22. He is No. 088586.

*Richard B. Thomas*

## The invisible bomber that could cost you a bundle.

**I**n this month's issue of DISCOVER, you'll meet the stunning new U.S. strategic bomber called Stealth that's being designed to evade enemy radar.

But there are a few glaring problems. Stealth's configuration, the flying wing, was a failure when tested years ago. Also, Stealth will be made of unproven, high-tech materials. Small wonder there are congressmen who want the secret project—and its multi-billion-dollar budget—opened to public scrutiny. Their fear is that the only thing that may disappear will be your tax dollars.

### The Orgasm, Pandas and Mazes

Also in this February issue, you'll read about the *orgasm* and what love, and your brain, have got to do with it. Plus there's an essay on evolution and the panda by Harvard Professor *Stephen Jay Gould*. And you'll wander through the world's most intricate *labyrinths* and learn the secret of solving them.



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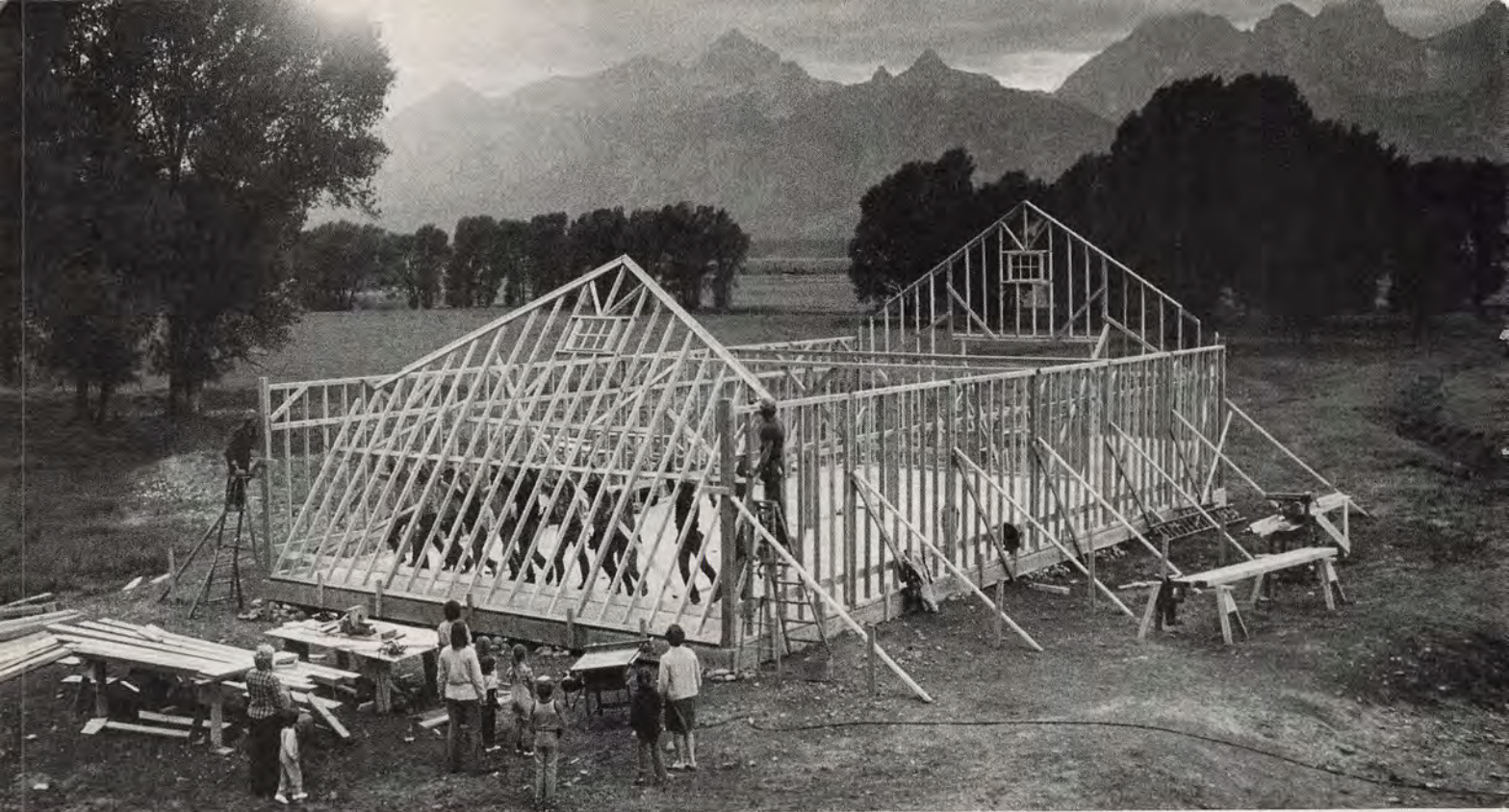
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# Letters

## Man of the Year

*To the Editors:*

Deng Xiaoping as Man of the Year is your best choice ever [MAN OF THE YEAR, Jan. 6]. Deng is proving again, as the U.S. did many years ago, that the most powerful and beneficial force in the world is individual freedom and enterprise.

*James Sumner  
Sedona, Ariz.*

Yours is the finest report on events in China since Marco Polo's.

*Jan Gadzo  
Chisholm, Minn.*



TIME's choice is ludicrous. It would be much more appropriate to have on your cover the silhouette of a lone terrorist, symbolizing the murder and carnage that occurred in 1985.

*Dale K. Weighill  
Farmington, Mich.*

Congratulations on your selection of Deng Xiaoping as Man of the Year. While the choice of Mikhail Gorbachev would have had obvious merit, your arguments for deciding to pick Deng were too persuasive to ignore.

*Timothy A. VanDerbosch  
Garrett, Ind.*

You say that if "Deng's bold experiments" succeed, "Communists everywhere, notably in the Third World, would see an alternative to the failures of Soviet Marxism." Yet you say that "Deng's goal is to lift per capita income to \$800 by the year 2000." This is less than 20% of per capita income in the U.S.S.R. today and less than 10% of that in some East European countries. Soviet-style Marxism is a failure only by Western standards. Compared with the mess that China is in after 35 years under Deng and his associates, the Soviet Union is Nirvana.

*Thomas A. Metzger  
Professor of Chinese History  
University of California, San Diego  
La Jolla, Calif.*

As a Taiwanese, I am both shocked and disappointed at this year's selection for Man of the Year. Choosing Deng Xiaoping primarily because of his "sweeping economic reforms" focuses only on the brighter side of China. By honoring Deng, you praise a leader who has tried to isolate Taiwan, an emerging democracy; has sheltered Pol Pot, a genocidal maniac; has continued to deny basic human rights to Tibetans; and has denounced as selfish those who question China's wavering policy on democracy for Hong Kong. When admiring the sleek, beautiful head of the mighty Chinese dragon emerging from the depths of the Pacific, keep a sharp eye for the shadowy tail that is sure to follow.

*Dave Lin  
Marlboro, N.J.*

Your choice of Deng Xiaoping is a just one. Deng has transformed China from a restless Communist giant to a peaceful nation committed to stability and cooperation. Mao's two upheavals, the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution, caused millions of Chinese misery and death; Deng's changes have brought joy and happiness. Now China, the erstwhile protagonist of socialist revolution, and the U.S., the greatest capitalist country, have become friends. For that, Deng deserves a Nobel Peace Prize.

*Mahmood Elahi  
Washington*

Last September the Chinese government celebrated the 20th anniversary of the carving up of Tibet. To observe the occasion, a delegation of Chinese officials flew from Peking to Lhasa armed with gifts of silk, desk clocks and tea. Tibetans do not need desk clocks or tea. They would appreciate having returned to them their rights, their cultural identity and their national leaders. As the eldest brother of His Holiness the Dalai Lama, I can tell you that Tibetans are waiting for these reforms before they will nominate Deng Xiaoping Man of the Year.

*Thubten Jigme Norbu  
Bloomington, Ind.*

Your analysis of the economic reform being introduced in China under Deng Xiaoping was excellent. It would have been even more interesting had you mentioned that the concept of making all land common property and paying rent to the state for its use under a "contract system," with surplus production going to the free market, is a direct application of the theory published by the American writer Henry George in *Progress and Poverty*, in 1879. The parallel is so close I wonder whether Deng has the book in his library.

*Douglas Denby, President  
John Cabot International College  
Rome*

You seem to think that allowing peasants to "grow what they wish" and "start private businesses" is a step toward the



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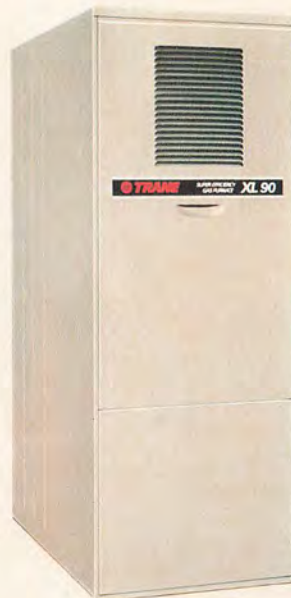


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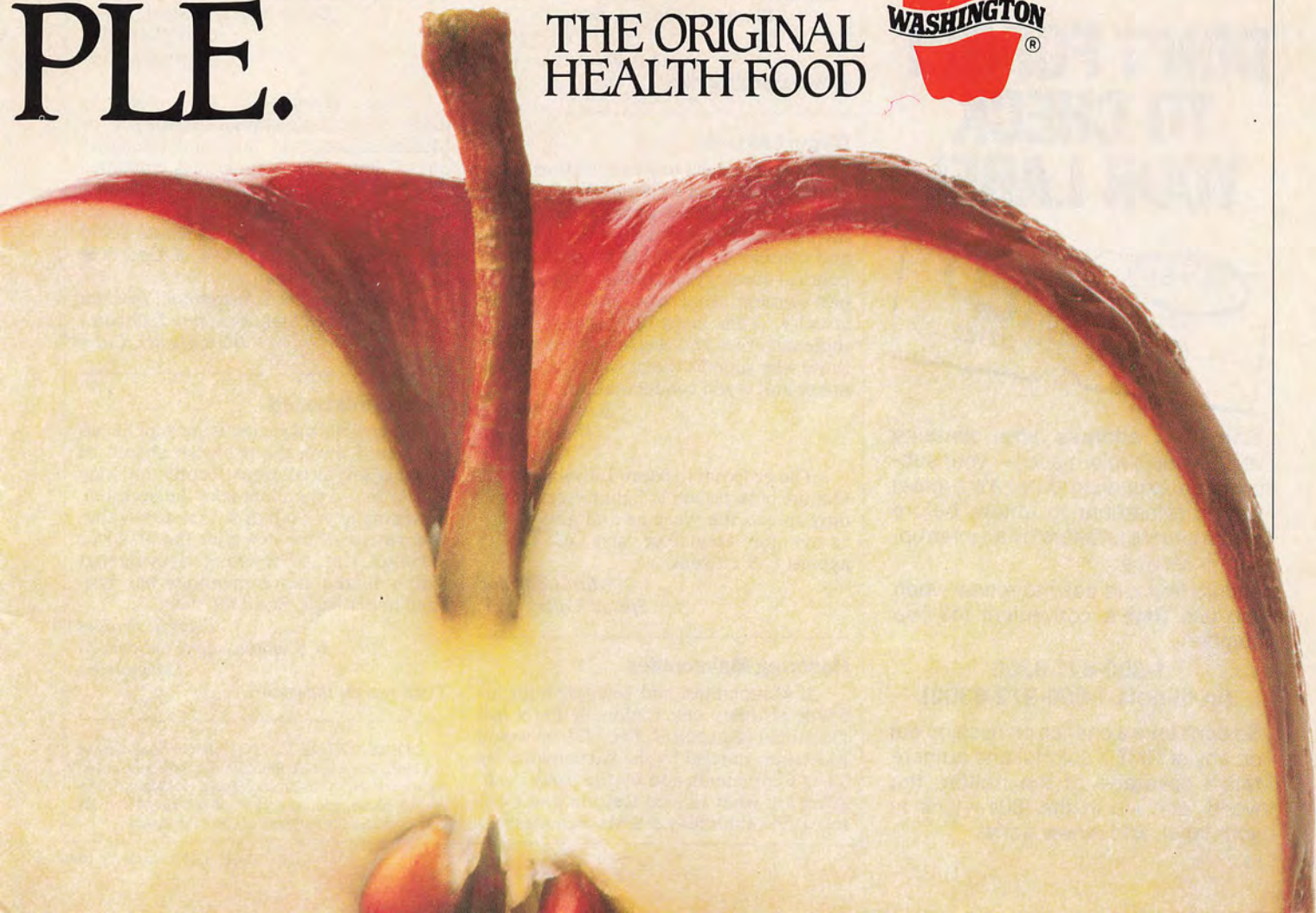
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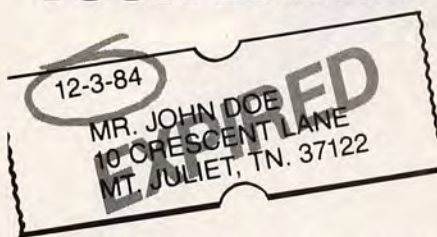
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## Letters

restoration of capitalism and perhaps even democracy in China. This has merely changed the status of the peasant from that of a serf to that of a sharecropper. The peasants cannot buy the land they farm, and this is what matters. The essence of capitalism is not making a profit. This can be done under the barter system. The basic element is the right of the citizen to own private property. In China, all the land is owned by the Central Committee, and it is not for sale.

Wallace Dace  
Manhattan, Kans.

Your Man of the Year articles on China and Deng Xiaoping made me realize that if Deng's system succeeds, then China could pose an even greater economic challenge to the U.S. than Japan. It may be a bumpy ride in the world economy of the 21st century.

Frank Meier  
Boca Raton, Fla.

### Censuring Censors

Cheers for your report on the ruling by the Inter-American Court of Human Rights against the compulsory licensing of journalists [PRESS, Dec. 16]. However, Stephen Schmidt, the American reporter found guilty of practicing journalism without a license in Costa Rica, worked for *La Nación*, not *La Prensa Libre*.

Eduardo Ulibarri, Editor in Chief  
La Nación  
San José, Costa Rica

TIME regrets the error.

### Airport Attack

By singling out innocent victims at the Rome and Vienna airports [WORLD, Dec. 30], terrorists have once again shown themselves to be lacking decent values and conscience. There is no rationale or political ideology, including reprisals for past wrongs, that can justify such an atrocity. This latest act should brand these terrorists and their cause, as well as those who support them, with shame, dishonor and world condemnation.

Bart Gethmann  
Wheaton, Ill.

The proposal to bomb Libya is idiotic. Our use of terrorism to fight terrorism will only spread the violence and give justification for escalating acts of cruelty against U.S. citizens.

Murat Zagoloff  
Spring Valley, N.Y.

### Honoring Maimonides

If Maimonides had been alive for his 850th birthday celebration in Paris last December [RELIGION, Dec. 23], he would have been startled by the participants, by TIME's comments and by the party itself. After all, what role do Reform and Conservative rabbis play at a Maimonides me-

morial? They have jettisoned most if not all of his 13 Articles of Faith. Deny even one, says Maimonides, and you deny Judaism. Are *they* the ones to wish him a happy birthday? Then there is Kuwaiti Professor Abderrahmane Badawi, who embraces Maimonides as an Arab philosopher. But Maimonides, while not branding Islam as idolatry, was clear in rejecting classical Arab fatalism in favor of Judaism's doctrine of free choice. It was also nice of the U.S.S.R. to send Scholar Vitali Naumkin to Paris, while Soviet Jews who study Maimonides are sent to Siberia.

TIME's comment that Maimonides was a "philosopher who symbolizes a confluence of four cultures: Greco-Roman, Arab, Jewish and Western" ignores Maimonides' own description of himself. In a letter to Rabbi Jonathan HaKohen of Luniel (Provence), Maimonides says, "Torah consecrated me to her before my birth... She is my true love, the wife of my youth. The other cultures are but women to serve me and cast grace on my wife... Regrettably, they distract me from my only life-mate, the Torah." By his own declaration, Maimonides was purely Jewish.

As for the party, Maimonides counsels, "Strive for moderation in all character traits... except for seeking honor, where the pious choose complete abstinence." The guest of honor would surely have stayed home.

Rabbi Nissim Wolpin, Editor  
Jewish Observer  
New York City

While Maimonides is revered by many cultures, he cannot be usurped by Muslim scholars as "first and foremost" one of their own. Maimonides embodied the Jews' mission to be "a light unto the nations." His multicultural genius enabled him to show the intellectual world the supremacy of the word of God over the philosophy of man.

Rabbi Gershon Schusterman, Director  
The Hebrew Academy Lubavitch  
Westminster, Calif.

### Barely Mentioned

Since your magazine is such an excellent one, I think the publisher should be aware of any small imperfection that may appear in it. I therefore take the occasion, in writing to you out of Africa, to say that your review of the new film *Out of Africa* [CINEMA, Dec. 16] is wrong in saying that Karen Blixen never mentions her husband in her book. She does, twice.

Peter S. Bridges  
U.S. Ambassador to Somalia  
Mogadishu

TIME regrets the error.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.





*"Music is the way that our memories sing to us across time. The loveliest quality of music involves its modulation upon the theme of time. Songs, playing in the mind, become the subtlest shuttles across years."*

*Lance Morrow*

**TIME**



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## We're all disabled

"Jack of all trades, master of none," goes the old saying, and at no time has it been more apt than in this age of specialization. In all walks of life—public and private—those who have mastered a specific skill or acquired a store of knowledge hold the key to an organization's ability to function successfully. All of us depend on each other for this specialized collaboration; without it we're all disabled.

Disability, in other words, is a matter of perception. If you can do just one thing well, you're needed somewhere by someone. Being blocked from performing such tasks merely disables those who depend on us.

This, in essence, is what motivated the founding in 1982 of the National Organization on Disability (N.O.D.), a private group dedicated to expanding the participation of disabled citizens in the mainstream of their own communities. The group has quite a constituency: One in eight Americans has a disability. And it's unthinkable that an estimated 35 million Americans shouldn't play constructive roles in the nation's life. Like all people in this age of specialization, they need partners whose abilities complement theirs and offset their disabilities.

This is why N.O.D.'s program, now encompassing more than 1,700 communities, is fundamental to this assimilation. Voluntary groups of disabled and non-disabled people work together to develop goals and carry out programs to this end, and N.O.D. provides technical assistance in the way of resources and model programs.

In plain language, what do such partnerships accomplish? For one thing, they make public officials and private employers aware that they may be depriving themselves of valuable human resources by shunning disabled coworkers in their midst. For another, they educate people generally to accept disabilities, notably the more visible ones, as part of the human condition. And, in more practical terms, they promote campaigns to make day-to-day amenities more accessible to people with disabilities, through modifications in the design of housing, churches, schools, workplaces and transportation. (In some areas, people in wheelchairs are still precluded from voting merely for lack of a ramp access to polling places. But N.O.D. is addressing that problem, too, by urging disabled persons to go to the polls and by educating election officials. In fact, a new law requires that, beginning this year, all polling places must be accessible for the handicapped and elderly in all federal elections.)

All of us should be partners (and we are, whether we realize it or not). But what can we, as partners, do? As employers we must look beyond the obvious disability and judge each job applicant on the skills or knowledge he or she has to offer. As citizens, we must work to make the community serve everyone, and provide the special facilities needed by some. And as neighbors, we can make our own tax-deductible contribution to the National Organization on Disability, Suite 234, 2100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

In proclaiming 1983-1992 The National Decade of Disabled Persons, President Reagan said it all in a letter to N.O.D.: "There is a long tradition in America of neighbor helping neighbor, and your program shows that spirit is still alive today."

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TIME/JANUARY 27, 1986

# A Farewell to Arms?

*Gorbachev's disarming proposal combines bold visions and potential pitfalls*

Soviet diplomats frequently call at the State Department. Particularly since the Geneva summit, there has been a great deal of mid-level diplomacy. So there was no reason to expect anything out of the ordinary when Oleg Sokolov, the Soviet chargé d'affaires in Washington, arrived early last Wednesday morning to see Secretary of State George Shultz. But when Sokolov handed him a lengthy letter from Mikhail Gorbachev to Ronald Reagan, Shultz became the first man in official Washington to be startled by a sweeping and unexpected new arms-control proposal. It was studded with ambiguities and potentially risky approaches, but it also set forth a bold schedule for making the world nuclear-free and left the Administration scrambling for a way to respond. One quick reading of the letter sent Shultz straight to the White House.

Some three hours later in Moscow, the proposal was presented to the world's public—the audience at which it was largely aimed—in typical Soviet fashion. The anchorman on the nightly newscast *Vremya* (Time), his face expressionless, picked up a sheaf of papers and announced, with no more emotion than he might have used to present a weather report, that he had a “statement by the General Secretary of the Communist Party.” Then he droned on for half an hour as the news agency TASS distributed the statement around the world.

As many Soviet and American leaders had done before, Gorbachev called for



Gorbachev: mixing ambiguity and detail

*A call for “no nuclear weapons on earth.”*

total elimination of nuclear missiles, warheads, bombs and other weapons from the planet. But this was not presented as a vague goal for the future; he proposed a fairly detailed, three-stage timetable culminating at the end of the century. He also offered tantalizing hints about ways to break specific deadlocks. If his plan is adopted, Gorbachev grandly concluded, “by the end of 1999 there will be no nuclear weapons on earth.”

Propaganda? Certainly, and very skillful propaganda too. Both its grand vision and many of its specifics are clearly designed to win Moscow public support in Western Europe and around the world

while allowing it to retain certain strategic advantages. The plan has a Grammsky-Rudsky appeal, decreeing a timetable for eliminating nuclear weapons the way the Gramm-Rudman Act has decreed a timetable for eliminating the U.S. budget deficit. As with Gramm-Rudman, the cuts proposed by Gorbachev seem to have an easy and automatic simplicity, but the plan ignores the hard and complex choices that will have to be made down the road to preserve the delicate nuclear balance. Indeed, the initial reductions in strategic weapons would tilt the balance dangerously in the Soviets' favor. In addition, the whole scheme appears to hang on a condition that Gorbachev knows Reagan resists: U.S. abandonment of the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, whose goal is to develop a defensive shield against nuclear missiles.

But Gorbachev's plan also contains some surprising elements not readily dismissed. Its proposal for the removal of U.S. and Soviet intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe is similar to the “zero option” offered by Reagan in 1981. Gorbachev also declared himself ready to accept “on-site inspection” as a means of verifying any agreements. Although it is by no means certain that Moscow will eventually agree to the type and number of inspections necessary to ensure that the Soviets cannot cheat, this represents a concession that Moscow had never made quite so explicitly before.

Gorbachev's proposals caught Wash-

## MOSCOW'S PROPOSALS



### INITIAL REDUCTIONS:

Gorbachev repeated his 1985 plan to cut by 50% all Soviet and American nuclear arms that can hit the other country, this time making it part of a phased plan for total disarmament. Each side would be limited to 6,000 such warheads, only 3,600 of which could be based on land.



### INTERMEDIATE-RANGE FORCES:

Gorbachev put forward a new version of the old American zero option by proposing that both superpowers agree to eliminate their missiles in Europe. In an encouraging change, Moscow would not include British and French missiles at this stage, though it would forbid these from being upgraded with more warheads, as now planned.



### STAR WARS:

Gorbachev still made any reduction in nuclear weapons contingent on an end to the U.S.'s Strategic Defense Initiative, though some experts said he again left vague the question of research.

## BENEATH THE SURFACE

Both sides agreed at the Geneva summit on the goal of 50% reductions, but the U.S. would apply it only to intercontinental weapons, whereas Moscow wants to include American intermediate-range weapons that could hit the U.S.S.R. from bases overseas.

The U.S. wants assurances that the mobile Soviet SS-20s in Europe will be destroyed rather than merely moved over the Ural Mountains into Soviet Asia. And the Soviets do not address the SS-20s already in Asia. The U.S. wants the right to deploy at least some missiles in Europe. Besides, Britain and France might prove unwilling to curtail their missile modernization.

By envisioning a world without nuclear missiles, Gorbachev undercuts Reagan's public case for a costly space-based defense against them. Though the Administration is already finding it awkward to counter this argument, Reagan remains “fully committed” to SDI.



ington totally by surprise. At the very moment that Shultz was relaying the Soviet leader's letter to Reagan in the Oval Office, other senior officials were telling journalists in the White House briefing room a few yards away that they expected no significant change in Moscow's negotiating positions until after the Soviet Communist Party Congress next month. The following day, Reagan told reporters, "We are very grateful for the offer." Inexplicably, he added, "It's just about the first time that anyone has ever proposed actually eliminating nuclear weapons"—forgetting not only his own statements identifying that as an ultimate goal but the many similar proposals stretching back over the past four decades (see box).

When Soviet and American bargainers met in Geneva on Thursday to kick off a new round in the arms-control talks that have been recessed since November, Soviet Chief Negotiator Victor Karpov primarily confined himself to a word-for-word repetition of Gorbachev's statement. American negotiators, headed by Max Kampelman, could coax only one elaboration. Asked if the proposal for a ban on Star Wars "development" would forbid research, a Soviet representative referred the Americans to Gorbachev's interview with *TIME* last August, in which the Kremlin leader said that fundamental research—a term maddeningly difficult to define—might be permitted.

Even more than most Soviet arms-control proposals, Gorbachev's plan is a tantalizing mixture of old and new, ambiguity and detail, apparent concessions and repeated demands. Its distinctive feature is its specific timetable. In the first stage, covering the next five to eight years, Washington and Moscow would agree to and begin a 50% reduction in nuclear weapons capable of striking each other's

country. Each side would be limited to 6,000 remaining "nuclear charges" (warheads and bombs), only 3,600 of which could be placed on the long-range land-based missiles that are the backbone of the Soviet arsenal. Washington has also proposed a 50% cut; indeed, Reagan and Gorbachev agreed on one in principle at their November summit meeting. But the U.S. wants to confine the cuts to "strategic" weapons, primarily land-based intercontinental and submarine-launched missiles, while Gorbachev would include

ently dropped that demand, though on the condition that Britain and France agree not to "build up" their deterrents.

But Gorbachev left it unclear whether the SS-20s to be removed from Europe would be destroyed or simply shuttled into Soviet Asia. From there they could be quickly moved back into Europe during a crisis. In addition, London and Paris are unlikely to halt the scheduled modernization of their nuclear forces.

Another question is whether an agreement on intermediate-range missiles would

be conditioned on U.S. renunciation of Star Wars. Negotiator Karpov told journalists in Geneva that elimination of so-called Euromissiles could be negotiated "without links to strategic or space weapons." But Gorbachev's statement asserted that large-scale reductions would be possible "only if the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. mutually renounce the development, testing and deployment of space strike weapons."

In the second stage of Gorbachev's program, which would begin by 1990 and last five to seven years, the U.S., the Soviet Union and "other" nuclear powers would make

further reductions in intermediate-range missiles and carry out a phased elimination of battlefield nuclear weapons. The problems are obvious: agreement would be required not only from Britain and France but from China, the other known member of the "nuclear club" and a nation that has so far refused to join any nuclear negotiations. An even stickier problem is that the U.S. and its NATO allies depend on nuclear weapons to deter the Soviets from attacking or threatening Western Europe. The Warsaw Pact has a hefty superiority in ground troops and conventional weapons.

Gorbachev's third stage is the most visionary: starting no later than 1995, all nations would get rid of any remaining



Negotiators Karpov and Kampelman at the Geneva talks last week

*Word-for-word repetition from which the U.S. coaxed one elaboration.*

America's medium-range bombers based overseas that could hit the Soviet Union.

Gorbachev's first phase would also include an agreement for "elimination" of U.S. and Soviet intermediate-range missiles from the "European zone." At first glance that looks like Reagan's zero option: no U.S. missiles in Western Europe (the U.S. is deploying 108 Pershing II ballistic and 464 Tomahawk cruise missiles in five countries); no Soviet missiles targeted on Western Europe (Moscow has more than 250 mobile, triple-warhead SS-20s in place). Up until last week, the Soviets insisted on keeping enough SS-20s (roughly 140) to equal the number of missiles in the independent British and French nuclear forces. Gorbachev appar-



#### TEST BAN:

Moscow extended its five-month ban on all nuclear testing by three months and again called for a permanent ban.



#### VERIFICATION:

In a potentially significant shift, Moscow went further than ever in expressing willingness to allow on-site inspections.



#### OTHER NATIONS:

In Stage 2, beginning by 1990, other nations would join in eliminating nuclear missiles and battlefield nuclear weapons.



#### FINAL GOAL:

The third stage, beginning by 1995, calls for eliminating all remaining nuclear arms "by the end of 1999," the first time Moscow has set such a deadline.

*The U.S. continues to reject a test ban, arguing that it trails Moscow in missile modernization.*

*Although it is not clear just how far the Soviets would go in practice, this proposal might defuse one long-standing obstacle, Washington's claim that the Soviets have cheated on treaties.*

*This would require Britain, France, China and others to agree to scrap their arsenals, and it would require NATO to rely solely on conventional arms, in which the U.S.S.R. has a big advantage, to deter a Soviet attack.*

*The U.S. has proclaimed since 1946 that it supports the goal of eliminating all nuclear weapons. The question remains: Can the superpowers agree on how?*

TIME Chart by Renée Klein



nuclear weapons and pledge never to build any more. "Mankind [could] approach the year 2000 under peaceful skies and with peaceful space, without fear of ... annihilation."

Gorbachev also advanced a host of more immediate proposals. In tacit recognition of the link between battlefield nuclear weapons and conventional arms, he called for a speeding up of the negotiations on troop reductions in Europe that have been dragging on in Vienna for twelve years, and matched a Western concession made last December with one of his own on verification. He proposed an agreement on chemical weapons that moved beyond Moscow's previous willingness to destroy only existing stockpiles and called for dismantling production facilities as well. He also extended for three months a Soviet moratorium on weapons tests that began last August and was to have expired on Jan. 1, and he pledged to prolong it further if the U.S. should join. Washington insists it needs to test in order to catch up to Soviet advantages.

Gorbachev is obviously seeking to put Reagan on the defensive, which he has. The Soviet leader's proposal is deftly crafted to appeal immediately to many West Europeans who are anxious about



Reagan: grateful for the offer

nuclear missiles stationed on their soil or aimed at them. The President will now feel pressure to demonstrate progress toward a deal when the two meet in Washington for their second summit, possibly as early as June.

Gorbachev's initiative will make it ever more difficult for Reagan to put forth a public case for pursuing his Star Wars program. Said the Soviet leader: "Instead of wasting the next ten to 15 years by developing new weapons in space, allegedly designed to make nuclear arms useless,

would it not be more sensible to eliminate those arms?" Reagan is caught in a public relations bind: it will be difficult for him to explain convincingly why he is prepared to scuttle a plan to rid the world of nuclear missiles by insisting on the right to build a defensive shield against those missiles. The Soviets are likely to confront Reagan with the somewhat illogical statement he made in his Oct. 31 interview with four Soviet journalists, in which he pledged to seek the elimination of nuclear missiles before deploying a defense against them.

The British, French and West German governments reacted to Gorbachev's proposals about the same way Washington did, expressing both cautious interest and wary skepticism. But one British dip-

lomat ruefully asserted, "It is so simplistic. Good Guy Mikhail offers to get rid of all nuclear missiles while Ron the Hawk lumbers on with his antimissile system. It is going to be a difficult task to explain to public opinion that in the real world it is the small print that really matters, not the grandiose initiatives."

At the moment, Washington is stuck for an effective way to counter Gorbachev's grandiose initiative. Caught off guard, officials have only begun to ponder whether to make a new American proposal, and, if so, what to put in it. The debate is likely to be sharp; the Administration has long been deeply divided over arms control, and previous American proposals have emerged only after prolonged and sometimes heated pulling and hauling.

For now, the U.S. line is simply to insist that Soviet negotiators spell out all the small print in Gorbachev's proposals. So far as it goes, that is logical. For all its ambiguities and propagandistic sweep, the plan hints at enough concessions to spur serious negotiating. Only detailed probing at Geneva will determine how much is real and how much is propaganda, and there is room for healthy skepticism. But the heat will be on Washington—both for the sake of winning the battle for public opinion and, more important, for keeping alive the hope of a genuine arms-control breakthrough—to come up with a response as imaginative as Gorbachev's. In arms-control negotiations, skepticism is always necessary but rarely sufficient.

—By George J. Church.

Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow and Johanna McGeary/Washington

## The Elusive Quest

Even before there was a nuclear arms race, there were visionary plans afoot to end it. In 1946, while the U.S. still had a monopoly on the revolutionary new weapons, Washington proposed creating an international agency that would take control of all nuclear weapons and material, after which the U.S. would relinquish its arsenal. "We are here to make a choice between the quick and the dead," declared former Wall Street Financier Bernard Baruch in presenting the plan to the fledgling United Nations. Moscow's Ambassador, a youthful Andrei Gromyko, put forth a Soviet counterproposal: a ban on the construction of atomic weapons and the destruction of the U.S. arsenal, with no provisions for inspection or enforcement. The cold war was just getting under way, and no compromise was reached. Three years later the Soviets successfully tested a bomb of their own.

Through the years, both nations have often proclaimed their fealty to a world without nuclear weapons and occasionally presented vague plans with phrases like those used by Gorbachev last week. In 1952 Benjamin Cohen, the American delegate to the U.N. Disarmament Commission, offered a set of guidelines that included "the elimination of all instruments

adaptable to mass destruction." Soviet Leader Nikita Khrushchev in 1959 declared Moscow's support for "general and complete disarmament." The phrase became a staple of Soviet pronouncements and a regular item on the U.N. agenda, though the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have never quite been able to agree on what it means, much less how to achieve it.

Ronald Reagan came into office proclaiming that his goal would be significant reductions rather than merely limits on nuclear weapons, as his predecessors had attempted through the SALT process. (Carter had proposed the same idea in 1977, but backed away when the Soviets balked.) Moscow walked out on the negotiations in late 1983 in reaction to the U.S. deployment of intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Western Europe, but spurred by the desire to prevent Reagan from proceeding with his Strategic Defense Initiative, it returned to Geneva early last year to open a new round of negotiations.

During Reagan's term, both sides have shown a propensity for publicly unveiling sweeping new proposals on the eve of important talks, partly as propaganda. Gorbachev's latest gambit follows in this vein. It also follows in the thus far fruitless tradition of proclaiming the goal of total nuclear disarmament. But the goal is no less worthy than when Baruch spoke of the choice facing the world at the dawn of the atomic age 40 years ago.



Baruch: "The quick and the dead"



# With His Wit About Him

*As Congress returns, Dole has some delicate dancing to do*

**B**ob Dole likes nothing better than salting his conversation with wry barbs, often aimed at Bob Dole. He even pokes fun at his presidential ambitions, which are complicated by the fact that this year he will frequently find himself at odds with Ronald Reagan or congressional Republicans or both over issues like tax reform and the budget. "I've been trying to keep one foot in 1988," he noted as he relaxed on a plane trip from his native Kansas last week. "Or one toe maybe. I may not have a foot in it."

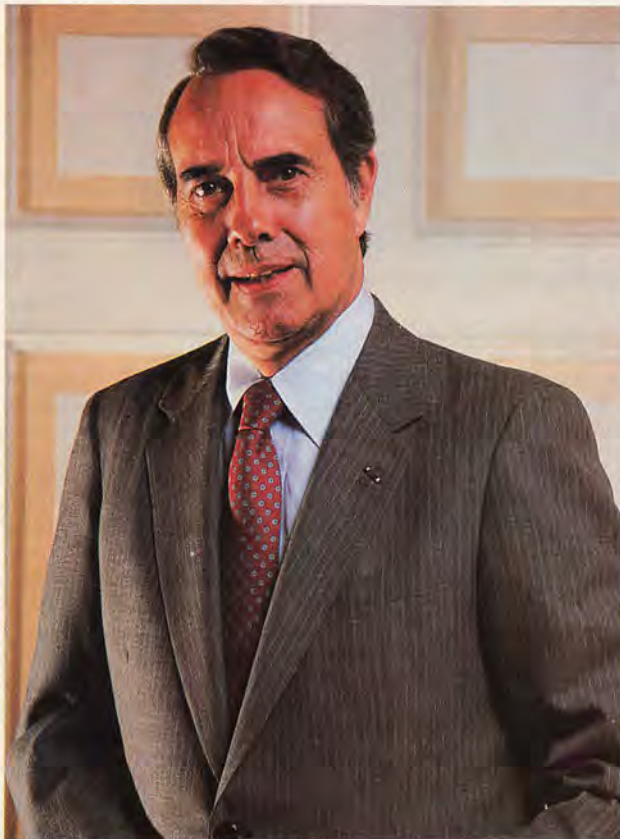
With his full-throttle metabolism, the acerbic Senate majority leader seems energized by confrontation, and he is braced for a good dose of it once Congress returns this week. Reagan will be pushing the Senate to overhaul the tax-reform plan passed by the House last year and to make difficult new cuts in domestic spending. Most Senate Republicans feel that tangling with tax reform is less important than tackling the budget; as Dole well knows, addressing that mess requires military cuts and tax increases that will raise Reagan's ire. How Dole handles his task as ringmaster of this cantankerous session could determine whether the Republicans hold the Senate this fall and whether he can achieve the statesmanlike stature necessary for a credible candidacy in 1988.

Howard Baker, Dole's gentlemanly predecessor as Republican leader, was a master at putting a soothing arm on colleagues' shoulders to achieve cloakroom compromises. In 1984 he decided to retire from the battle to position himself better for 1988. Dole, while philosophically similar, has an altogether different temperament that keeps him in the midst of the fray. Driven by his own strong ideas, he is more prone than Baker to do battle rather than seek consensus when disputes erupt. "Howard," Dole concedes, "was a bit more careful than I am in saying, 'Now boys, what can we do to work this out?'"

In his own defense, Dole points out that he was able to stitch together a number of compromises last year. The most significant was a new five-year farm bill, for which Dole led the tortuous negotiations. It was a triumph for him when Reagan signed the measure last month. Last spring, however, Dole was denied a larger victory. Courageously, he rammed through the Senate a politically risky anti-deficit package, including a deferral of

Social Security increases. But Reagan reneged on the deal, leaving Dole and other Senate Republicans dangling.

Dole's foremost challenge this session will be pulling Congress and the White House together on a fiscal 1987 budget that will whack some \$60 billion from the deficit and thus avoid the automatic cuts of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings meat-



**The majority leader: at odds with both Reagan and Congress**  
*Serving as ringmaster in a cantankerous Senate session.*

ax. Addressing the American Farm Bureau Federation in Atlanta last week, he advocated economies across the board, sparing neither social programs nor Reagan's sacred defense buildup. He has also been prodding the White House, which distrusts Dole because of his skepticism about supply-side tax cuts, to be more realistic. Though he insists he will no longer lead the crusade for additional taxes ("I'm going to let someone else take the beating"), Dole clearly wants to change Reagan's mind. "Now I may be at odds with the White House," he says, "but it's pretty hard for us in Congress if we're told that defense is off limits, Social Security is off limits, you can't [increase] revenues."

Dole now has a bold fiscal plan up his sleeve. He discussed it in a private meeting earlier this month with White House

Chief of Staff Donald Regan. "I mentioned a big, giant package," he said last week. It would combine budget cuts and some additional revenue derived from amending the House-passed tax-reform plan. How did that idea go over? "I didn't get many people applauding," Dole admitted. Some Senate Republicans have been talking quietly about a plan called "20-20-20," which would take \$20 billion from defense, another \$20 billion from domestic programs and provide \$20 billion in additional revenue. Last week one White House aide insisted that Reagan will not even discuss the scheme. Nonetheless, Dole envisions a summit this spring at which congressional leaders and the President's men would work toward a broad tax and budget compromise.

With scant competition in his Senate race this year (his only opponent, Representative Dan Glickman, pulled out this month, conceding that Dole did "an extraordinarily creative job" in passing the farm bill), Dole has spent the past few weeks adding to his Senate campaign kitty. He cheerfully reminds donors that the money can be used for "other federal races down the road, if anything comes to mind." But in order to win the big prize, he acknowledges, he must plant in the public's mind an impression broader than that of "Mr. Austerity." He must also erase lingering traces of a harsh image created in his 1976 campaign as Gerald Ford's acid-tongued, conservative running mate. Dole has long since repented, observing once that he erred in "going for the jugular—my own."

While Dole is still a conservative by any reasonable definition, his party has moved rightward, depositing him in its center. Although he subscribes to many items on the New Right's agenda, such as constitutional amendments for school prayer and against abortion, "they fault me for not being aggressive enough," Dole says.

"The biggest difficulty Dole faces is being majority leader," says Reagan's pollster Richard Wirthlin, who has also done surveys for Dole. "There are constraints on his time. He can't dodge taking strong positions on issues. He's right in the cross hairs." Dole disagrees, at least for now. "If I have a chance," he said, "it's because I've been majority leader." Yet when pressed, Dole acknowledges that if his presidential prospects pick up by the end of this session, he might consider giving up the leadership to devote more time to the quest. "I don't think you make that kind of judgment before you know you're a real player in the other arena," he said. "I should know that by the end of the year."

—By Laurence I. Barrett



The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

## Standing by Eight Presidents



At the very center: Scouten before a gallery of his former bosses

**T**he coldest day in Rex Scouten's life may also have been his best. He came to the capital as a Secret Service agent out of Detroit to help in Harry Truman's 1949 Inauguration. He shivered as he stood by the Inaugural stand. Yet the great celebration awed the Michigan farm boy, who recalled last week, "I never thought I would ever get to Washington." He has been there, at the very center, ever since.

Later in 1949 he was assigned to Truman's White House detail. He relished Truman's early-morning walks, but he worried about the President's crawling around the girders during the reconstruction of the White House. Recalls Scouten: "His eyesight wasn't very good." Scouten soon found himself on Wake Island in the Secret Service advance team for the Korean War meeting between Truman and his independent-minded general, Douglas MacArthur. He was in the White House's West Wing when the flash came about the assassination attempt against Truman by two Puerto Rican nationalists at Blair House across the street. In a couple of minutes he was on the scene.

In 1957 Scouten moved from the Secret Service to the White House staff as deputy to the chief usher, who is in charge of running the physical White House. Scouten was on duty when Ike had his slight stroke that year and aides gently persuaded him not to go to the state dinner that night. Scouten helped execute Jackie Kennedy's dinner on Mount Vernon's lawn for Pakistan's President Ayub Khan, a logistics marvel that involved preparing the food in field kitchens and transporting guests down the Potomac. "Thank goodness the weather was good," he recalled, an all-time understatement. Scouten was supervising the redecoration of the Oval Office when one of J.F.K.'s staff came in weeping and shouting, "The President's been shot!" He immediately put the office back in order. He helped make arrangements for dozens of visiting world leaders and did not get home for five days.

Scouten moved to the chief usher's job in 1969. The most elaborate White House dinner of modern times was given by the Nixons on the South Lawn for almost 1,400 people when the Viet Nam POWs returned in 1973. Scouten's crews laid out 37,000 items for the table settings alone. When Jimmy Carter restricted his public appearances in 1980 because of the American hostages held in Iran, Scouten helped bring the country to Carter. There were 377 public events in the White House that year, the most in history.

After the Reagans arrived, Scouten was in the solarium with Nancy when a Secret Service agent hurried in. His heart froze as he heard the dreaded words for the second time: "The President's been shot." Happily, that crisis was limited.

When, a few weeks ago, Scouten, 61, decided it was time to retire, there was genuine regret in the White House. But Scouten will hardly pass into oblivion. Mrs. Reagan named her new King Charles spaniel Rex, a reminder of someone who served loyally, long and well.



The namesake remains

## Bad Company

*A warning about tainted unions*

**W**riting under his own byline in the New York Times Magazine last week, President Reagan condemned organized crime as "this dark, evil enemy within." He praised a commission he had appointed for exposing "the all too rarely discussed problem of those institutions and professionals—such as corrupt banks, unions or crooked lawyers—whose veneer of respectability helps make them the mainstays of organized crime."

Two days later, the President's commission turned around and bit its creator. The Commission on Organized Crime noted that the Reagan Administration had "contacts" with one corrupt union, the Teamsters, and its president, Jackie Presser. The report warned that such sociability with a tainted union "can lead to an erosion of public confidence and dampen the desire to end racketeering."

The commission, headed by Federal Judge Irving R. Kaufman, charged that mobsters are "increasingly using labor unions as a tool to obtain monopoly power in some industries." It said the Teamsters, the International Longshoremen's Association, the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees International Union and the Laborers' International Union are all "substantially influenced and/or controlled by organized crime."

Although Teamsters President Presser was the target of a federal strike force that wanted to charge him with embezzling funds from his Cleveland local, the Justice Department last year decided not to prosecute. A federal grand jury is now probing the reasons for this decision. One reported explanation was that Presser had been used by the FBI as an informant on Mob activities.

The Teamsters was one of the few unions to support Reagan in the 1980 election. After Reagan won, Presser was made a consultant on union matters to the President-elect's transition team. He was a guest at the White House in 1983 when he met with Ed Meese, then a Reagan aide and now the Attorney General. After the 1984 election, Reagan and Meese visited Presser to thank him for his support.

Asked about the report, Meese replied that any meetings with labor leaders were "not designed or intended to interfere with the proper investigation of organized crime," although the Administration's intent was not the issue. Meese might also have replied that such improprieties have not been confined to the Reagan Administration. The commission pointed out that some New York officials had been character witnesses for Anthony Scotto, a vice president of the Longshoremen's Union, before he was convicted in 1979 of racketeering. The commission's counsel noted that Jimmy Carter had even campaigned with Scotto in 1976. ■





Ezell gives orders about undocumented aliens who have been herded onto a bus

## Immigration's Happy Warrior

*California's Harold Ezell stirs praise and draws fire*

It was a busy, triumphant night for Harold Ezell. Outfitted in a blue blazer and striped tie, the Government's most ardent alien chaser jumped into a helicopter and rode along as it sent a piercing searchlight across the hills and arroyos south of San Diego. Then he scrambled into a pickup truck and peered through a nightscope to watch his agents tear through the chaparral in Dodge Ram Charger "war wagons" to overtake groups of Mexicans trying to sneak into the U.S. Later, he proudly counted the day's total arrests: 2,643 illegal immigrants. Nudging a companion, Ezell declared, "Isn't this fun!"

This happy warrior is the western regional commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The graying, portly Ezell, 48, has taken an obscure job and made himself the point man in the Administration's war against illegal entry. He earns \$68,000 a year to supervise 3,900 INS employees in California, Arizona, Nevada, Hawaii and Guam, but if he were paid extra for every raid he has led and every word he has uttered in public—or by the amount of wrath he has aroused—Ezell would be rich. Not just a law enforcer, he is a crusader.

"How are we going to keep our respect in the world if we continue to let our borders be overrun?" Ezell asks. Aliens, he says, should not be allowed to "enjoy our freedom if they break our laws to get in." Nor, he contends, should they simply be tossed back across the border: "If you catch 'em, you ought to clean 'em and fry 'em yourself." To do so, he has set up teams of investigators to prepare prosecutions against smugglers and those who enter the U.S. with phony documents.

To Ezell, the stakes in his job are portentous. Although more than a million aliens are arrested along the U.S.-Mexican border each year, INS assumes that at least that many cross undetected. If the border "invasion" is not stemmed, Ezell predicts, "we'll be overwhelmed. We can't take all the undeveloped countries. We'll

become one ourselves." Obviously angry about the problem, Ezell wants everyone to share his emotion. "The public gets mad at drunk drivers. They need to get mad at illegal immigrants."

Ezell is especially aroused by those who harbor illegals. That includes officials of cities like Los Angeles, which welcomes self-declared political refugees, and particularly employers who hire illegals. He finds it "an absolute disgrace that it's illegal to come here but not to work here. It must become illegal to hire." Illegal entries cannot be stopped, he says, until penalties are placed upon employers: "Cut the jobs, and you cut the flow."

Although his father is an Assemblies of God minister, Ezell is an outspoken enemy of "clergy smugglers," who grant sanctuary to illegal immigrants. INS agents in Ezell's region have infiltrated congregations in Arizona whose members are being prosecuted for taking in such aliens. The Presbyterian and American Lutheran churches last week sued the INS and other Government agencies for these activities, but Ezell's convictions are firm. "You either obey laws or you don't," he says. "The Bible tells you to obey laws."

A dabbler in sales and real estate before working his way into a vice presidency at Wienerschnitzel International, the California-based hot-dog chain, Ezell had never been in law enforcement. But he had worked for Ronald Reagan's gubernatorial and presidential campaigns in California, knew both present and past Attorneys General Edwin Meese and William French Smith, and was appointed to his job by Smith in 1983.

Ezell's views and tactics have led to charges that he is insensitive to ethnic problems and prone to wild exaggeration. "He's a scaremonger," insists Herman Baca, chairman of the San Diego-based Committee on Chicano Rights. The men who work for him praise him highly. "He's a fresh breath," says Ed Kelliher, an INS supervisory inspector. "His ag-

gressiveness is turning morale around."

Reveling in the admiration of his subordinates and oblivious to the accusations of his critics, Ezell cruises merrily along in his Government Chevy equipped with two police radios and a radiotelephone. Talking about his forays down to the border, he says, "I come down to keep the fires burning in me." In truth, it does not take much to heat up this flamboyant INS commissioner. —By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles

## New Mission

*Resettling an English church*

Ancient and craggy, St. Bartholomew's Church has been standing in Covenham, England, since 1257, not long after rebellious barons pressured King John into signing the Magna Carta. Abandoned in 1978 and slated for demolition, it may be reborn in Orange County, Calif. The Episcopal congregation of St. Matthews-by-the-Sea in Corona del Mar wants to make the cross-shaped church its home, shipping it from the windswept North Sea coastal village, about 130 miles north of London, through the Panama Canal to California. Though small (64 members), St. Matthews is wealthy enough to raise the estimated \$750,000 required to dismantle, pack and ship the 729-year-old limestone edifice. It will be rebuilt in the Corona del Mar area, about half an hour's drive from Long Beach harbor, where another British relic, the retired liner *Queen Mary*, is berthed.

If the Covenham townspeople approve the sale, as expected, architectural students will be recruited for the painstaking dismantling procedure. When reassembled in California, the structure will nonetheless fall short of rivaling Puerto Rico's San José Church, built in 1523, which is claimed to be the oldest Christian church in continuous use in the Western Hemisphere. To its parishioners, said Rector James Hohlfeld of St. Matthews, the British medieval church "will serve as a demonstration of the Anglican tradition." That heritage can sometimes be difficult to maintain. At present, the rector's assistant, Samuel Scheibler, told the Orange County *Register*, "we're surrounded in Southern California by a high-tech, ultramodern environment and high-tech, ultramodern Christianity." ■



St. Bartholomew's: medieval to ultramodern





King marching in Selma, 1965: combining Christian idealism and nonviolent resistance

## Honoring Justice's Drum Major

*On Martin Luther King's birthday, remembrance and renewal*

**H**e never commanded an army, never held political office, never made a fortune nor ruled a corporate empire. He had no use for the trappings of worldly power; his clout came from the urgency of his message and his unwavering moral courage. Of this century's heroes, the man he most closely resembled was his model, India's Mohandas K. Gandhi. Combining Christian idealism with Gandhi's principle of nonviolent resistance, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. awakened the conscience of the U.S. and the world to the plight of America's blacks. More than any other single person, King was responsible for the endowment with legal equality of a people who had been enslaved for two centuries, then denied many of their country's basic civil rights for another hundred years. In 1968, at the age of 39, this Southern Baptist preacher, winner of the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize, was cut down by an assassin's bullet. On that day the charismatic leader became the transcendent martyr.

Last week for the first time, the U.S. began celebrating King's birthday as a national holiday. When Congress in 1983 established the third Monday of January as a federal observance, it bestowed upon King an honor granted to only one other U.S. citizen, George Washington.\* While an estimated 5 million civilian and military personnel were given this Monday off, the tributes to King began on Jan. 15, his actual birthday, and in some cases before that. From Alaska to Florida, candlelight vigils, religious services, concerts, photo exhibits, readings and teach-ins were held in commemoration. "There is a heightened awareness of him that was not present before the holiday," said King's

widow Coretta. "I think it has made greater believers of many more people."

The ceremonies became occasions to recall one of the most painful and dramatic eras of American history. Segregated schools, lunch counters and bathrooms. Freedom Riders. Churches bombed and civil rights workers murdered. Helmeted police wading into demonstrators with attack dogs, tear gas, hoses, guns and bayonets. Then the fight to win passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

Setting the stage for those landmark bills was the 1963 March on Washington. From a platform in front of the Lincoln Memorial came King's voice, an instrument of astounding resonance, mingling the powerful cadences of black spirituals with majestic Whitmanesque imagery in one of the best-known speeches in American oratory: "I Have a Dream."

In Washington last week, 1,000 guests filled the Capitol Rotunda to witness the unveiling of a cast bronze bust of King, marking the first time a black American has been so honored in the Capitol. On this week's official holiday, concerts were scheduled at Washington's Kennedy Center, New York's Radio City Music Hall and Atlanta's Civic Center, featuring such performers as Stevie Wonder, Bill Cosby, Bob Dylan and Harry Belafonte. The highlights were to be aired on national TV and the profits from the shows donated to Atlanta's King Center for Non-violent Social Change.

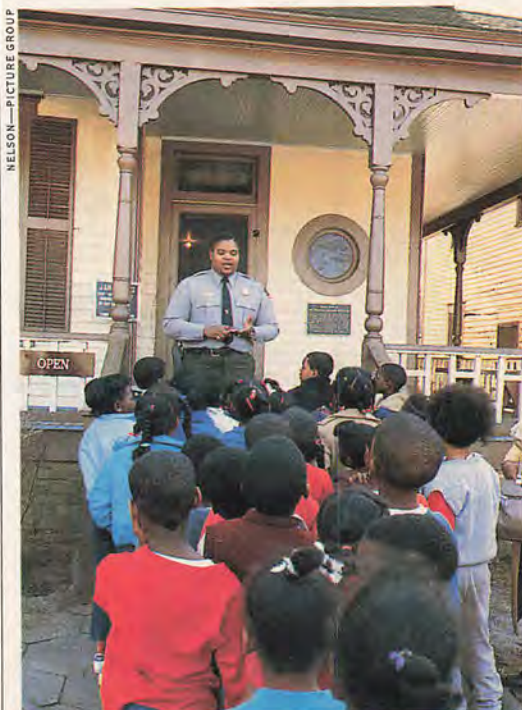
Atlanta, King's hometown, was the scene of a ten-day celebration. Tourists flocked to view King's boyhood home, the Ebenezer Baptist Church where he served as pastor with his father, and the crypt that holds his body. The list of prominent visitors was to include South Africa's Bishop Desmond Tutu, Senator Edward Kennedy and Vice President George

Bush. "I wish Dr. King were here," gushed nine-year-old Akelia Cobb, excited by all the commotion. "Boy, I'd get his autograph twice!"

Underscoring the contradictions of the American South, Alabama, the civil rights movement's most volatile battleground, will observe the third Monday in January as a dual holiday honoring the birthdays of King and Confederate General Robert E. Lee. In Selma, the city council voted over the protest of Mayor Joe Smitherman to approve a candlelight walk to the Edmund Pettus Bridge, site of a bloody 1965 clash between black marchers and police. In Birmingham, near the Sixteenth Avenue Baptist Church, where a bomb killed four little girls in 1963, a 7-ft.-tall bronze likeness of King was scheduled to be unveiled Monday.

Amid the ceremony, King's friends and former colleagues urged that the civil rights leader's birthday become an occasion not simply for dreamy nostalgia but for an honest inquiry into the meaning of King's life and its impact on the nation. Former King Aide Dr. Wyatt Tee Walker worried about "the risk of getting oversentimental and romanticizing the man to the point that he becomes unreal. The way to honor him is to understand what his work was and commit yourself to doing something."

Other former colleagues spoke last week of a King rarely seen by the public. In a discussion at Atlanta's Morehouse College, King's alma mater, Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young recounted how his mentor used to joke with his lieutenants about the violence they faced on the road, launching into mock eulogies of his aides, embellishing his speeches with ridiculous



Tourists at the house where King was born

\*Because of Southern resistance, Abraham Lincoln's birthday has never been declared a federal holiday. Nevertheless, the third Monday in February is generally referred to as Presidents' Day.



details about "the deceased." Remembered the mayor: "He had us rolling on the floor. He made us laugh so much at the possibility of dying that we weren't afraid to die."

Another King protégé, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, offered a sterner message in a sermon at the Ebenezer Baptist Church. King was not merely a non-threatening dreamer, said Jackson. "Dr. King was not assassinated for dreaming but for acting and challenging the government." He went on to lambaste President Reagan for failing to support any of King's efforts during his lifetime.

The President did in fact oppose much of the civil rights legislation of the 1960s. He also resisted creating a national holiday for King, on the grounds that the Government could not afford to grant its employees another day off. When North Carolina Republican Senator Jesse Helms accused King of being influenced by "elements of the Communist Party U.S.A." and called for the release of an FBI investigation of the minister that is to remain sealed until 2027, Reagan was asked whether he agreed that King had Communist sympathies. "We'll know in about 35 years, won't we?" said the President. He apologized to Coretta Scott King two days later and subsequently resigned himself to approving the King birthday bill. When it won overwhelming support in both the Senate and the House, the President said, rather grudgingly, "Since they seem bent on making it a national holiday... I'll sign that legislation when it reaches my desk."

Last week, however, Reagan made



**The President welcomes Coretta Scott King at the White House**  
*At first opposed to the holiday, Reagan honored King last week.*

several more gracious gestures to honor the slain leader and his cause. He warmly received Mrs. King at the White House. In an address to students at Washington's predominantly black Martin Luther King Jr. Elementary School, he paraphrased one of the minister's speeches in which King said he wanted to be remembered as "a drum major for justice." Reagan also awarded the Congressional Gold Medal to the widow of former N.A.A.C.P. Director Roy Wilkins and met with a group of 20 black businessmen and economists.

Attorney General Edwin Meese, however, did much to undercut the President's efforts during an awkward news conference last week. Defending his efforts to rescind a 1965 Executive Order requiring federal contractors to

hire minorities, Meese argued that his position is "very consistent with what Dr. King had in mind" when he spoke of a color-blind society. The Executive Order, which does not demand specific quotas, has a good many supporters in the Reagan Administration. It is also precisely the sort of provision for which King fought.

King's true legacy may be found not in this month's nearly universal chorus of acclamation, but in the distance the U.S. has traveled toward an integrated society. Black students are in attendance at all of the nation's best universities. More blacks have joined the legal and medical professions and are making their way in American corporations. Five of America's biggest cities—Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and Atlanta—have black mayors.

Nevertheless, one-third of black Americans live below the poverty line, and the unemployment rate of black teenagers is 41.6%, compared with 6.9% for the general population. While whites may work and study with blacks, housing patterns in most communities remain segregated. At the same time, many Americans seem to react to the subject of civil rights with apathy or cynicism.

It is almost startling to realize that were he alive today, Martin Luther King Jr. would be but 57 years old, still in the prime of life. Surely, he would know that his work was far from complete.

—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.

*Reported by Don Winbush/Atlanta, with other bureaus*



**King's widow with Activist Rosa Parks**



**Stevie Wonder promotes the gala concerts**



**King bust unveiled in the Capitol rotunda**



**Jackson: King was not merely "a dreamer"**



**The martyr's crypt in Atlanta**



## THE PRESIDENT

### Back to Bethesda

In a regularly scheduled six-month follow-up to his surgery for colon cancer last July, President Reagan paid a return visit last week to an operating room in Bethesda Naval Hospital. What had been billed as a routine examination proved to be a complicated series of tests. Doctors clipped three tiny polyps from the wall of the President's colon and shipped them off for examination. A surgeon shaved off a tiny growth on the right side of Reagan's face and sent it, too, for a biopsy. The six-hour medical work-up also included X rays, blood tests and a CAT scan, which provides images of internal organs.

To the waiting press corps, White House Spokesman Larry Speakes issued a one-paragraph statement, including the assurance that "all indications are that when the lab results are in they will confirm the President to be in excellent health." Next day the results were released: all the growths were found to be benign. That came as no surprise to Reagan. When he departed from the hospital the day before, he said he felt "just fine" and flashed the thumbs-up sign as he and Nancy boarded a helicopter and headed off to Camp David for the three-day weekend.



En route to the hospital

## MONEY

### Counterfeiting Made Easy



\$1 million of the real thing

When the plain-paper copying process was discovered in 1938, its revolutionary potential was so little appreciated that Inventor Chester Carlson wound up selling it to the Battelle Memorial Institute, a research foundation in Columbus. In 1947, Battelle in turn sold the technology to the company that eventually became Xerox. Now Battelle has warned that Carlson's invention, which has become not only an office fixture but something of a technological wonder, will by the end of the decade be capable of duplicating the delicate shadings of U.S. currency. In a study for the Federal Reserve, Battelle predicts that as many as 20% of those with access to the super copiers will use the new machines' extraordinary color capability to roll off near-perfect counterfeits of paper money.

Worried about the funny-money threat, the U.S. Treasury is considering plans to issue harder-to-copy greenbacks. Some proposals: subtle watermarks and plastic security threads woven into the currency. But Treasury Secretary James Baker still must approve the changes, and it will be at least a year after that before new bills are printed—on legitimate Government presses.

## DIPLOMACY

### Rules of Engagement

The *President Taylor*, a U.S. merchant vessel with a small cargo of cotton, was cruising in the Gulf of Oman 26 miles out of the United Arab Emirates port of Fujaira when it happened. An Iranian frigate warned the *Taylor* to prepare to be boarded. The U.S. captain reluctantly consented. For 45 minutes an Iranian

officer and six seamen, three equipped with submachine guns, searched for matériel that might be destined for Iraq, Iran's enemy in the five-year-old gulf war. Finding none, they departed.

Though the incident was the first in which a U.S. vessel had been searched by the Iranians, the American reaction was unexpectedly mild. State Department Spokesman Bernard Kalb noted that Iran may have acted lawfully, explaining that a nation at war has "certain rights to ascertain whether neutral shipping is being used to provide contraband to an opposing belligerent." Why the moderate tone? Said one Navy officer: "The White House rapidly grasped that not only do we do this sort of thing ourselves, but we may want to do it again." The U.S., for example, often intercepts ships suspected of smuggling illegal drugs to the mainland.

## CONGRESS

### The Comforts of Office

Spanish lessons. TV makeup. A \$2,800 tab at Washington's swank Fourways restaurant. These are just some of the "office expenses" that Republican Senators have billed to the National Republican Senatorial Committee. A report in *Common Cause* magazine charges that the committee, set up to help elect Republicans to the Senate, has created a "slush fund" that funneled almost \$1.4 million to Republican Senators in 1983 and '84 and nearly \$450,000 during the first eight months of 1985. The fund grew out of the fact that the G.O.P. raises far more money than it can legally spend on Senate campaigns.

Although Senate rules allow such payments for legitimate office expenses, *Common Cause* claims that some Senators (the report cited Pete Wilson of California, Paula Hawkins of Florida and Chic Hecht of Nevada) may have violated federal law by not including the income on their tax returns. Wilson, Hawkins and Hecht apparently relied on assurances from an NRSC legal adviser that they did not have to do so. Across the aisle, the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee has avoided the problem: it can't raise enough money to offer any extras.

## NEW YORK

### A Victory for the Vigilante

After he gunned down and wounded four youths he believed were menacing him on a New York City subway in December 1984, Bernhard Goetz was celebrated by some as a vigilante hero, justly defending himself in an underpoliced urban jungle. To others, the seemingly meek electronics technician was a self-righteous zealot who had sought trouble and found it. In January 1985 a grand jury indicted Goetz only on charges of illegal gun possession, angering those who maintained that the jury had ignored the rights of Goetz's victims. Last March a second grand jury, acting on testimony from two of the youths, charged Goetz with attempted murder, assault, reckless endangerment and criminal possession of a weapon.

Last week New York Supreme Court Justice Stephen Crane threw out the more serious charges. His reasoning: prosecutors had not properly instructed the jury on the standard to be used in judging whether or not Goetz had reacted reasonably under the circumstances. Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau said he would appeal the dismissal; he could also take the case to a third grand jury. Goetz's lawyers, meanwhile, said they will move to have the remaining charges dropped.



Goetz: reason to smile



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SOUTH AMERICA

## Flair, Firmness And Ideas

*Peru's young President  
raises new hopes*

**T**he noontime sun beat down on a weather-beaten throng of 20,000 assembled in the dusty market town of Casa Grande. Normally toiling in nearby sugarcane fields, the villagers stood in the withering heat waiting for an apparition from the sky. As a whining white air force helicopter came into view, the crowd spotted the broad, beaming face of President Alan García Pérez, waving a white handkerchief in greeting. "Alan!" thundered the crowd as the helicopter set down in a swirl of dust. "Alan! Alan!"

After wading to the platform through a sea of outstretched hands, the lanky, self-assured García, 36, delivered the kind of rousing, nationalistic exhortation that audiences across Peru have come to expect. "A government of the people," he declared, "is a government where the people produce their own history." In countless speeches in the countryside, in the slums of Lima and from the balcony of Government Palace, García has spread the same message: the 19 million people of his hardscrabble country can shape their own destiny, even in the face of desperate poverty.

In office a mere six months, García has already established himself as one of the most admired and influential leaders in Latin America. Part preacher, part pedagogue, he is praised for injecting new vigor into a crippled government and moribund economy. In addition, he has shaken boardrooms from Wall Street to Tokyo with his defiance of the multinational banks that hold many of Latin America's burdensome loans. His July inauguration made front-page news in Western capitals when he used it to announce that Peru would spend no more than 10% of its export earnings for interest and principal payments on its \$14 billion foreign debt. Said he, with a typical rhetorical flourish: "President Alan García, may the world hear me, knows that Peru has a first great creditor—its own people."

With his bold declaration, the young leader had spawned a new idea: that he and other Latin American leaders had a right



Part preacher and part pedagogue: García before sugarcane workers in Casa Grande



Looking for a better deal: long-suffering farmers march in support of the President

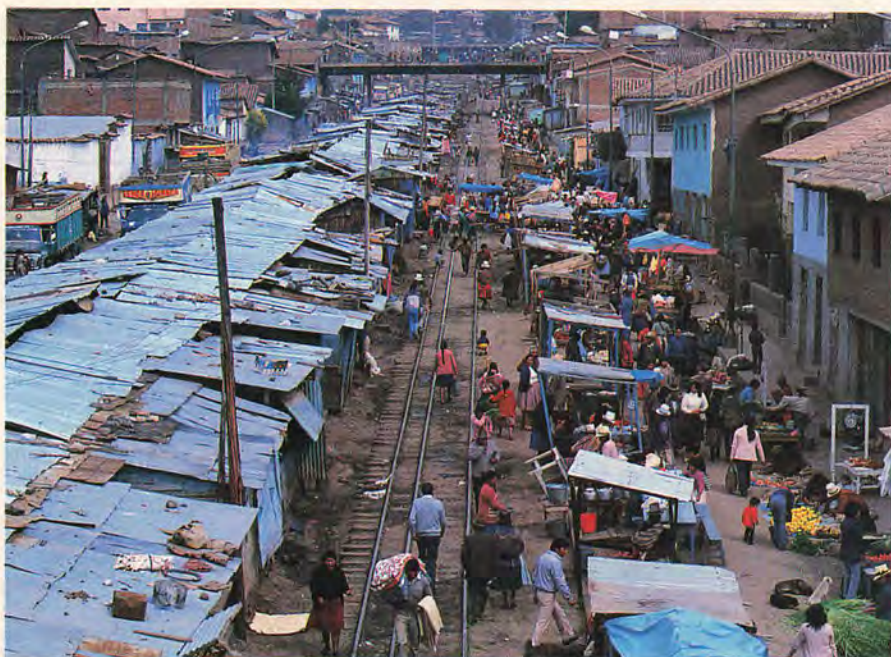
to limit the sacrifices of their countrymen. And while bankers have been relieved that no other South American country has yet adopted Peru's guideline, several have followed García's lead by stiffening their resolve not to let their debt problems further damage either their national pride or their fragile domestic economies.

If proof was needed that Latin America's \$360 billion debt burden is a time bomb with unpredictable implications, politically as well as economically, it came last week in Argentina, where a visit by retired Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller touched off the most serious street violence since the country's return to democracy more than two years ago. Rockefeller, whose former employer remains a major Argentine creditor, was in Buenos Aires to discuss Latin American economic development. Seven people were injured and 81 arrested when 1,500 leftist demonstrators hurled rocks and eggs, smashed windows and set fires to protest what one group called "our dependence on North American imperialism." The continent's debt was also on the agenda last week in Washington, where Ronald Reagan praised visiting Ecuadorian President León Febres

Cordero for his handling of the problem, calling him "an articulate champion of free enterprise."

While Peru's combative García is not likely to receive any such encomiums, he has so far gone out of his way to avoid picking a direct fight with the U.S. Even when he nationalized the Peruvian assets of a U.S. oil company in December, he insisted that he was not taking a swipe at the U.S., but meting out economic justice. The company, Belco Petroleum Corp. of New York, had refused to go along with García's demand that it pay millions of dollars in taxes it had "illegally" avoided, increase its tax burden to more than 68% and reinvest more of its profits in Peru. On the debt question, García has aimed most of his barbs at the International Monetary Fund, calling its policies "incoherent" and based on "colonial" concepts. The IMF generally imposes stringent austerity measures on debtor countries in exchange for easier payment terms. García has declared a moratorium on all private debt payments until at least Jan. 31 and has refused to get the IMF involved in negotiating new terms. The new President says Peru will pay ("because we





An open-air market in the Andean town of Cuzco: inflation is down, food supplies are up

are honest"), but on its own terms. However, at a meeting between the banks and a Peruvian official in New York last week, the mood, said one banker, was "conciliatory."

Even if García backs off a step or two on the volatile debt issue, it is unlikely to tarnish his shining image at home, where he has become a national hero because of his moves to improve salaries, housing and food supplies and, in general, to re-establish respect for a crumbling government. He has done all this with the kind of flair that invites comparison, in its populist flavor, with Argentina's late Juan Domingo Perón or Cuba's Fidel Castro. A recent poll by Economist Felipe Ortiz de Zevallos gave the new President a 79.6% "good" or "very good" rating among residents of Lima, the sprawling capital. Only .8% deemed his performance "bad" or "very bad."

**G**arcía has of course benefited considerably from the weakness of his predecessors. The military regime that ran the country from 1968 to 1980 sowed the seeds of the current crisis by borrowing heavily from abroad for prestige projects and by creating bloated new state enterprises that soaked up scarce government funds. Under the democratic government that followed, led by Fernando Belaúnde Terry, now 72, things went from bad to worse. External causes were partly to blame. Low world prices for copper, silver and zinc helped reduce Peru's export earnings from \$3.9 billion in 1980 to \$2.9 billion in 1985. Fishing and agriculture were severely damaged when the meandering Pacific current called El Niño caused heavy rains and flooding. At one point, as many as 65% of Peru's potential workers were either unemployed or working only part time. Annual per capita income plunged to a 20-year low of less than \$1,000. At the same time, Belaúnde's government was assaulted by

twin devils in the form of an insurrection by Maoist guerrillas who go by the name *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path) and a vast expansion of demand for Peru's abundant coca leaves, which now feed an illegal cocaine trade estimated at \$800 million a year. Belaúnde's response to this series of catastrophes was seen as lethargic and defensive. The fast-moving García, a member of the center-left Popular American Revolutionary Alliance, seemed the perfect antidote.

Despite his rhetoric, García has successfully imposed an economic austerity program as tough as any the IMF might envision. In his first month in office, he froze prices of consumer goods and rents indefinitely and devalued the sol by 12%. The result: a decline in the annual inflation rate from 192% to 30%. He slapped import restrictions on food and luxury goods and raised the minimum wage by 50%, to about \$40 a month, giving teachers a 22% hike and other government workers 15%.

A hallmark of García's program has

been his vigorous attack on inefficiency and sloth. In recent weeks he has been engaged in a running argument with Peru's civil servants, who have resisted his effort to curb the five-hour workdays that have become traditional during the hot months, from January to March. The new President was even bold enough to attack extravagance in the pampered military, slashing an \$800 million deal to purchase 26 French Mirage jet fighters back to twelve.

García has been less surefooted in dealing with the relentless but ragtag Shining Path insurgency, which has killed more than 6,000 in five years. To weaken the rebels, he has promised new economic aid to the poverty-stricken Andean region where they are based, and created a Peace Commission to establish a dialogue with their leaders. Though it is by no means clear that government programs are responsible, military officials last week reported "a certain tranquillity" in the eleven-province emergency zone in which the guerrillas are most active.

Whatever their other differences, U.S. and Peruvian officials are united in the war against drugs. Joint U.S.-Peruvian antinarcotics teams have recently taken out of service 28 airfields used to fly coca leaves to Colombia for processing. Government estimates indicate that eradication of coca plants last year nearly doubled. "We are a long way from getting a handle on the problem," says a U.S. official. "But the program is not doing too badly."

That might be an apt description of García's first six months in office. But if his greatest gains have been psychological, that is no mean accomplishment. "Peru, once the seat of the Inca Empire, is a country with a history," U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams told a House subcommittee in November. "What Alan García has said to his people is that Peru is also a country with a future. He has helped Peruvians to believe that they can better their fate." The test now will be to see if García can convert the positive feeling he has generated into lasting economic progress. —*By Michael S. Serrill.*

*Reported by Gavin Scott/Lima*



In Argentina, 1,500 demonstrators protested a visit by David Rockefeller last week

Evidence that Latin America's \$360 billion debt is a time bomb waiting to be ignited.



SOUTH YEMEN

## Comrade Against Comrade

*Heavy fighting breaks out between rival Marxist factions*

In colonial times, British steamship passengers knew Aden, at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, as a free port on the edge of a vast desert. In late 1967, after four years of civil strife, the moonscape known as Aden and the Protectorate of South Arabia was granted its independence by the British government. In time it became known as the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, or simply South Yemen, to distinguish it from the Yemen Arab Republic to the north. The only Arab country that explicitly calls itself Marxist, South Yemen (pop. 2 million) forged close ties with the Soviet Union and allowed the Soviets to establish a military base at Aden and a high-tech listening post on the island of Socotra, 300 miles offshore.

The country's short history is a bloody-minded chronicle of strife and intrigue against its neighbors, including North Yemen, Saudi Arabia and Oman, and of vicious infighting among its political and tribal factions at home. Last week, as battles broke out in Aden amid reports of a coup, assassinations and widespread killing, the fractious country seemed dangerously close to all-out civil war.

Exactly what was happening was difficult to tell. There were reports that President Ali Nasser Muhammad, 46, had been injured, that he had been killed, and that he had survived. There were rumors that four key plotters who tried to take over the government, including former President Abdul Fattah Ismail and Vice President Ali Ahmed Nasser Antar, had been executed. But the persistence of the fighting suggested otherwise. On an ideological basis, the struggle appeared to pit the pragmatic Marxist, President Muhammad, who has sought more amicable relations with his Arab neighbors and would welcome aid from such countries as Saudi Arabia, against the more zealously pro-Moscow Ismail and Antar. Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat offered to mediate the dispute, and Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi declared his willingness to dispatch peace-keeping troops.

Before Aden's state-run radio went off the air early in the week, it announced that government forces had foiled the attempted coup and maintained, "the situation in the capital is calm." That, quite obviously, was not true. Though the fighting faltered occasionally, it continued throughout the week. Eyewitnesses spoke of "deafening blasts" and "sky-high balls of flame" in the port. On Thursday, a Western diplomat in San'a, the capital of neighboring North Yemen, reported that gunfire and rocket exchanges had continued in Aden through the day, adding that the combatants were using tanks, artillery and even jet fighters. Other reports told of the explosion of an ammunition

dump and of air-force bombing runs on Aden's airport and harbor, as rebel troops advanced on the presidential palace. On Friday, the royal yacht *Britannia* interrupted a journey to New Zealand to help evacuate foreigners. Small boats transported about 300 people to the ship before fierce fighting halted the rescue operation.

Earlier, eleven yachtsmen, including seven Europeans, three Australians and a

Canadian, had reached the port of Djibouti, a former French territory 130 miles across the Gulf of Aden, aboard a Soviet freighter that had rescued them from the fighting zone. Bruce Cameron, 65, a white-bearded Australian, told how the visitors had found themselves trapped in the port of Aden and had at first tried to remain on their boats. "The barraging got a lot worse at night," he recalled. "All you could do was lie flat on the floor, getting as far below the waterline as possible to try to get out of the line of fire." Like the others, Cameron said, he thought of making a run for the open sea but changed his mind after a British craft was set ablaze by gunfire as it attempted to escape. The four adults and one child aboard the British boat were reportedly rescued by a British freighter. After that, Cameron headed for a Soviet vessel in a rubber dinghy. Said he: "It was the longest 150 yards of my life."

The scene for the current struggle was set more than a year ago, when former President Ismail returned from his self-imposed exile in Moscow and began to criticize the incumbent Muhammad for "monopolizing power." Both men were survivors of the fierce guerrilla war against the British in the mid-1960s and of the subsequent purge of moderate forces from the nationalist movement. Last week's fighting was reminiscent of the 1978 power struggle in which President Salim Robaya Ali, who had been marginally more pro-Western than his colleagues, was overthrown and executed. Next came Ismail, who signed a 20-year friendship treaty with the Soviets in 1979. He tried but failed to destabilize the government of North Yemen, resigned in 1980 because of "ill health" and left for Moscow. His successor, Muhammad, tilted slightly toward the West, first in trade matters and later on political issues. He also sought closer ties with Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, talked about unification with North Yemen and ended a border dispute with Oman. Such policies made sense for his impoverished country but led, perhaps inevitably, to last week's showdown. At week's end there were reports that Muhammad had fled to Marxist Ethiopia.

One big question is where the Soviet Union, which currently has an estimated 1,000 military advisers in South Yemen, stands in the struggle. Though many observers at first assumed that Moscow favored Ismail, the British government believes the Soviets viewed Muhammad's policies with less horror than did Ismail and may even regard Ismail's extremist positions as counterproductive to Soviet interests over the long term. In any event, the last thing the Soviets want to do is back a loser at so critical a juncture. On an official visit to Kuwait last week, the Soviet Union's Deputy Defense Minister, General Vladimir Govorov, quickly issued a statement asserting that his country was in no way involved with the Aden revolt.

—By William E. Smith.

Reported by Aileen Keating/Bahrain and Frank Melville/London



CHRIS KUTSCHERA



LOCHON—GAMMA/LIAISON

President Muhammad, top; Challenger Ismail  
Dangerously close to all-out civil war.



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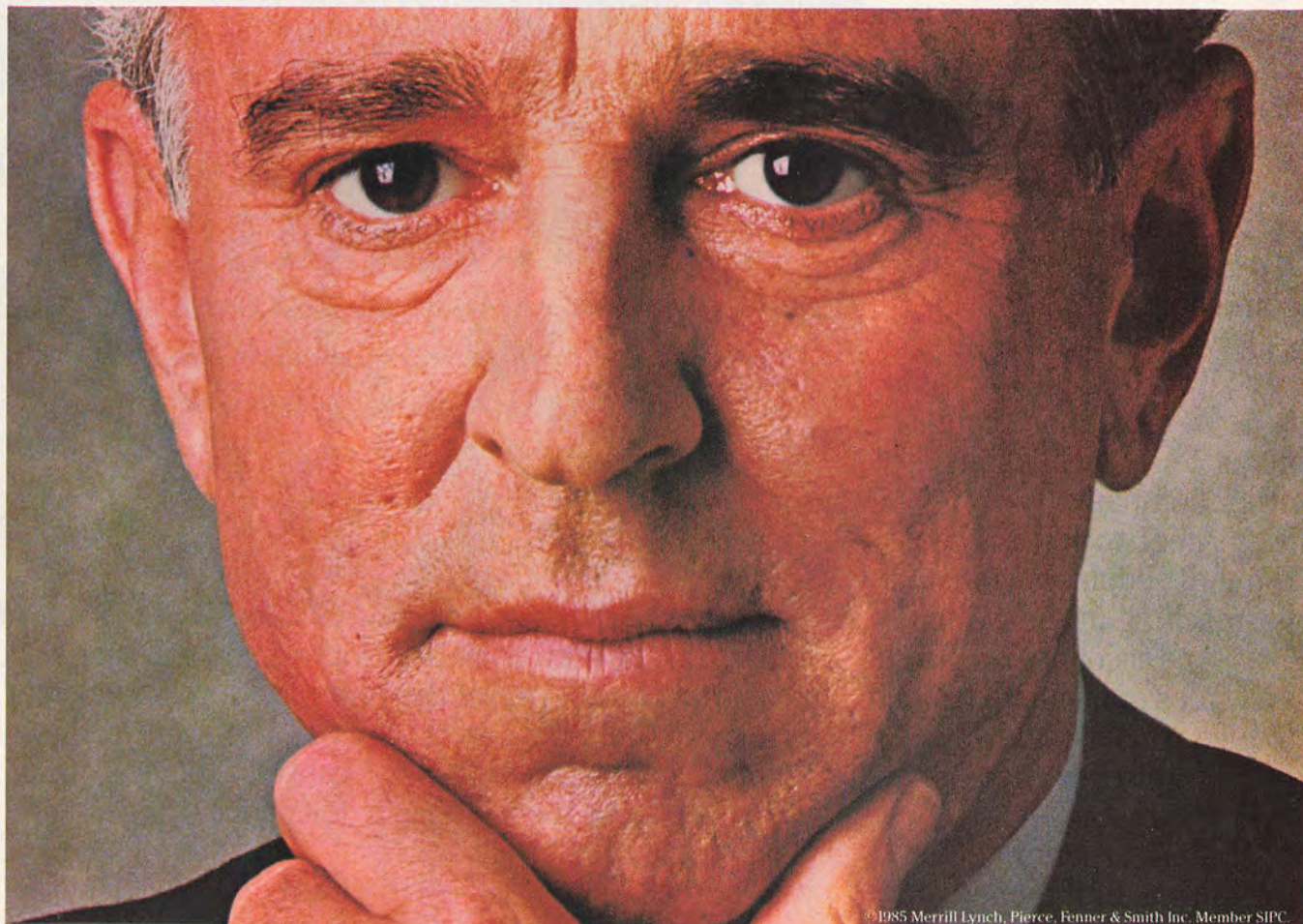
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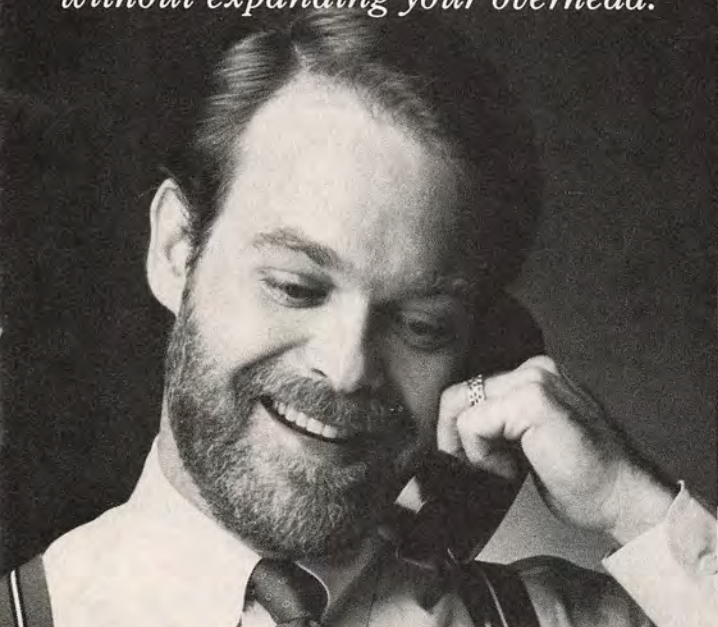
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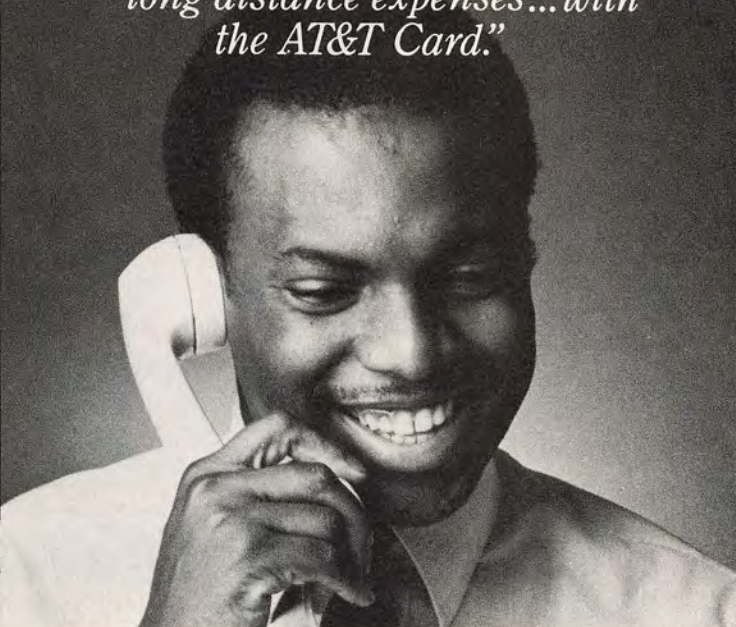


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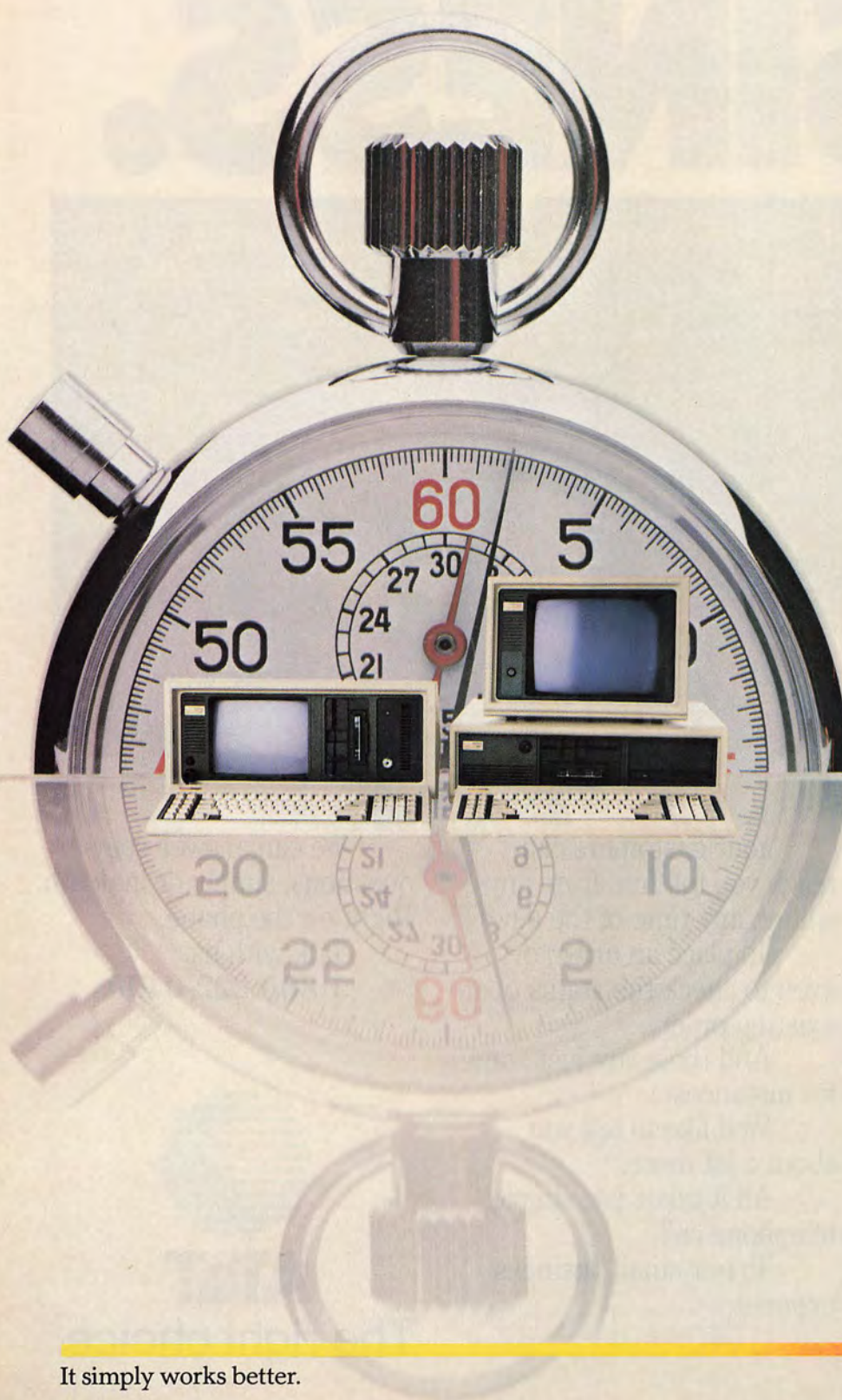


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# Beyond the Barracks Gates

*Despite oil wealth, daily life includes shortages and frustrations*

Tension between the U.S. and Libya continued last week in the aftermath of the Dec. 27 attacks at Rome and Vienna airports by Palestinian terrorists supported by Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi. Two Libyan MiG-25 fighters intercepted a U.S. Navy surveillance plane to the north of the Gulf of Sidra, then darted back to Libyan airspace before F/A-18 jets from the U.S. aircraft carrier Coral Sea could reach the scene. While Gaddafi condemned Ronald Reagan as a "Hitler No. 2," the Pentagon expressed concern about increasingly overt intelligence-gathering activities in the area by Soviet ships and aircraft. The crisis, meanwhile, gave TIME Correspondent John Borrell a chance to observe at close range a country that, though oil rich, is devoting far more of its wealth to guns than to butter. His report:

**C**rowd control is more of a problem than stock control at the state-run Jumahiriya supermarket in central Tripoli. Most days there are plenty of people and few goods, an elementary supply-and-demand problem that sometimes leads to fisticuffs and invariably produces squabbles. When a consignment of locally produced laundry soap reached the shelves last week, several hundred people were crowded around the doors at opening time. Once inside, they wrestled to get at the cartons and then elbowed and pushed their way to the cash registers. "I was hoping for cooking oil today," admitted one old man as he clutched his box and fended off latecomers, "but these days you take what you can get." So serious are shortages of many consumer goods that two people died last year during a stampede following the arrival of bananas from Nicaragua.

That there are fights over soap and bananas in Libya, which has a population of only 3.6 million and a per capita gross national product of about \$8,000 (vs. \$9,000 in Britain), is the result of both softening demand for petroleum and poor economic planning. Oil revenues are down from \$22 billion in 1980 to an anticipated \$8 billion this year. "The cash-flow problem is hurting," said a Western diplomat in Tripoli. "It is like taking a 60% salary cut and trying to keep up with the payments on the house and car." Some construction contracts have been canceled, and imports of many consumer goods, including food, have been slashed. But the defense budget alone consumes \$2 billion, and an additional \$1 billion goes to payments for the \$12 billion worth of Soviet arms that Gaddafi has bought since he came to power in a 1969 coup.



Frantic shoppers under a portrait of Gaddafi



Zealous students show support for their leader

*Political calisthenics warmed up with ritual slogans.*

Moreover, if Gaddafi has not spent wisely abroad, some of his domestic economic decisions have been disastrous. Starting in 1979, he stepped up his nationalization drive under the slogan PARTNERS, NOT WAGE EARNERS. Plucked from his *Green Book*, a manifesto containing Gaddafi's self-promoted "third universal theory" (after Communism and capitalism), the state takeovers have cast a long shadow over Tripoli and other cities. Even the corner barber has become a government employee. Entire streets in Tripoli's old Casbah are now boarded up, and solemn green shutters with heavy padlocks give the commercial center a forlorn appearance. The few shops that remain open look as if they have been looted. On the growing black market, meat sells for \$9 per lb. and a carton of American cigarettes changes hands for \$70. Some for-

eigners and wealthy Libyans fly to the island of Malta to buy meat and other food. Most Libyans, who fear the presence of police informers everywhere, grumble only rarely in public or to a stranger.

But their lack of enthusiasm for the whole system was palpable at the Akasha theater, where one of Libya's 1,400 "people's committees," the first layer in a supposedly democratic decision-making process, met last week. Through shrouds of smoke, the fists of the faithful rose in a ragged display of political calisthenics as they warmed up with ritualistic slogans of praise for Gaddafi and denunciations of the U.S. "Gaddafi and Libya are one and the same!" the crowd intoned, cynically switching to "Down with America!" when U.S. television crews turned on their lights. Many people sat out the ceremony in silence, and even those participating did so with a well-scrubbed fervor that seemed bereft of any real feeling.

Until recently, the people's committees were forums for widespread if circumspect complaints. But this outlet became so bothersome to Gaddafi that he decided to make the committees subservient to "revolutionary committees," which are his ideological watchdogs. Composed mostly of young zealots, they sometimes allow glimpses into their Orwellian world.

Said Ahmed Fakradeen, an older member of one such group: "We have to make sure people don't go astray."

The revolutionary committees, which have perhaps 10,000 members and are in the process of being armed, are also being used as a counterweight to the regular 58,000-man army. After several attempted coups, including at least one last year, the army's loyalty has become suspect. One proposal currently on the committees' agenda is a plan to abolish the army, but Gaddafi is unlikely to go that far. Much military equipment, including SA-5 missiles shipped from the Soviet Union, is too sophisticated for irregulars to use.

Nonetheless, Gaddafi remains fascinated by his Bedouin heritage and feels that all Libyan men should be ready to answer his call to arms. He often sets up his own tent in the middle of the Bab al Azizia barracks, on the road to the airport. Tank bays are built into the barracks gates, which are further protected by concrete slabs that force drivers to zigzag slowly to the entrance. Inside are more tanks surrounding Gaddafi's Bedouin tent, into which he will often invite guests. "It is more natural here," he explained recently before proudly proclaiming that Libya was pretty close to being a utopia. Surrounded by modern-day Bedouin creature comforts, including three telephones, five electric heaters, a TV set and a video recorder, the colonel seemed more than a little cut off from the realities beyond the barracks gates. ■





A Christian militiaman: shifting loyalties

LEBANON

## Free-for-All

*Warring over a peace plan*

There are no permanent military alliances in Lebanon, where ten years of religious and civil strife have left a variety of Christian and Muslim warlords in a stalemate for power. Late last month when the chiefs of the three most powerful militias signed a Syrian-sponsored peace agreement, it seemed that Lebanon was taking a small step toward ending the carnage that has already cost more than 100,000 lives. Syrian President Hafez Assad warned that he would not allow the peace pact to fail. But even Assad could not have foreseen the vicious warfare that erupted last week, pitting Christian against Christian and spelling an almost certain return to factional war.

At issue were the terms of the treaty signed in Damascus on Dec. 28, which would have granted additional political clout to Lebanon's Muslim majority while curbing the influence of the Christians. Since 1943, when Lebanon won independence from France, an unwritten agreement has required that the President be a Maronite Christian, the Prime Minister a Sunni Muslim, and the speaker of parliament a Shi'ite Muslim. The December accord gave the Muslims greater representation in the executive and the legislative branches. President Amin Gemayel at first praised the plan, but he quickly changed his mind when fellow Christian leaders voiced concern that the pact would end traditional Christian dominance of Lebanese political life. Last Monday, as Gemayel prepared to return to Damascus to share his misgivings with Assad, fighting broke out in Christian-dominated East Beirut between the Lebanese Forces, a Christian militia commanded by Elias Hobeika, 29, who had

signed the Damascus pact, and the fighting arm of the Phalange Party, which is loyal to President Gemayel.

Hobeika's army cornered the Phalange units in an area northeast of the capital. Then at dawn Wednesday, Hobeika's chief of staff, Samir Geagea, 32, who opposed the Damascus treaty, threw his tanks and artillery behind Gemayel and launched a counteroffensive against Hobeika. At the end of the day, according to police estimates, 350 people had been killed.

Hobeika's near victory turned into a rout of his own forces. On Thursday he fled to Paris with his wife and son. Geagea, who last March had challenged Gemayel for leadership of the Phalange Party, allied himself with the President against pro-Syrian Muslim fighters.

Furious that its blueprint for peace had been scuttled, Syria allowed its Lebanese supporters to shell Gemayel's hometown of Bikfaya, in the mountains east of Beirut. Tank and artillery clashes between Druze militiamen and Christian forces shook Suq al Jharb, a hill town overlooking the Presidential Palace. In Beirut, meanwhile, there were exchanges of artillery and rocket fire across the line that divides the capital between Muslim and Christian sectors.

While Gemayel temporarily preserved his authority, he had condemned his country to yet another round of bloodletting. Assad is unlikely to abandon his objective of imposing order on Lebanon, although he is reluctant to commit Syrian troops to the battle. One Syrian option would be to starve Lebanon economically by shutting off its seaports. Said the Beirut leftist daily newspaper *As Safir*, which often reflects Syrian strategy: "[Gemayel] will not be able to rule, and total paralysis will engulf the state." That situation would be acutely painful for Lebanon's long-suffering citizens, especially since they seemed so close to winning a respite from their agony.

—By John Moody.

Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo

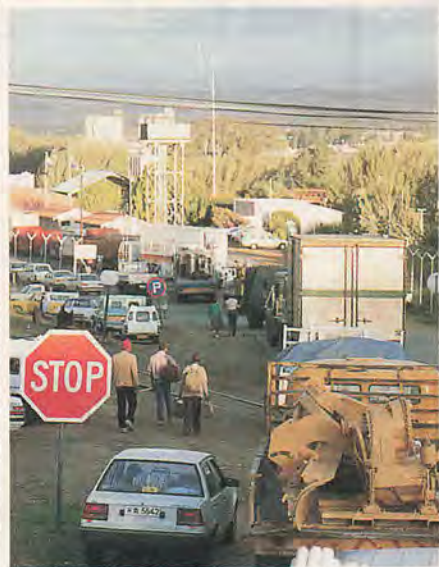
SOUTH AFRICA

## Blackmail

*Picking on a neighbor*

Food had become scarce, medical supplies were running out, and gasoline was being rationed. When heavily armed troops last week encircled government buildings in Maseru, the capital of Lesotho, the country appeared to be tottering on the brink of a coup.

Those tremors proved false. Instead, it seemed that panicked government officials in the tiny, black-ruled, landlocked nation had called out the troops to protect themselves from a feared invasion. The country's stability, officials said, had been badly shaken by the tactics of South Africa, which completely surrounds Lesotho. Less than two miles away, at the Caledon



Traffic backed up at the Lesotho border

River Bridge, which stands between the two countries, South African police and military were conducting security searches that severely restricted the daily flow of vital supplies into Lesotho. The beleaguered country appealed to the U.S. and other Western nations to organize an airlift. "We are a hostage country," said Information Minister Desmond Sixishe. "I wish South Africa would pick on someone its own size."

South Africa was picking on Lesotho in response to an increasingly violent campaign by the African National Congress, an organization that espouses the overthrow of South Africa's white minority government. Over the past five weeks, 13 whites have died in explosions that are believed to have been the work of the A.N.C. Accusing Lesotho of allowing the outlawed organization to give "crash courses in the use of explosives" to militants who flee into the country, Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha initiated the slowdown at the border. Lesotho has long angered its neighbor by its open expressions of solidarity with the A.N.C. and its willingness to accept South African refugees.

Geography makes Lesotho particularly vulnerable. Just last month the government of Prime Minister Leabau Jonathan accused South African commandos of sneaking into Maseru and murdering nine people, including six A.N.C. members, in retaliation for the deaths of six whites killed by mines planted in South Africa.

Reacting to the pressure, the Lesotho government agreed last week to begin negotiations on a security pact that the South Africans have sought for the past four years. But even if it leads to a crackdown on antiapartheid activists in Lesotho, the agreement is unlikely to end the violence. Despite similar pacts with Mozambique and Swaziland, the A.N.C. tripled its attacks in South Africa last year.



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## Coptergate

### A crisis tests Thatcher's iron

**T**he chinks in the Iron Lady's political armor were growing wider each day. What began last fall as a relatively minor issue, the fate of an ailing British helicopter manufacturer, had ballooned into one of the severest tests for Margaret Thatcher in her nearly seven years as Prime Minister. The controversy has already prompted the angry resignation of Defense Minister Michael Heseltine and threatened to force the ouster of Trade and Industry Minister Leon Brittan. In the House of Commons last week, amid charges of high-level deceit and manipulation, Thatcher's critics turned the debate into a full-scale assault on her whole style of governing. Neil Kinnock, the leader of the opposition Labor Party, demanded an investigation.

"I know a stink when I smell one," he declared. Responded Thatcher: "The government has conducted itself properly and responsibly. There is no cause for an inquiry."

At issue was the rescue of Westland, Britain's only helicopter manufacturer, which lost almost \$140 million last year. The company's board of directors favored a bailout bid by Sikorsky, a division of United Technologies Corp. of Hartford, Conn., in conjunction with Italy's Fiat. Heseltine, fearing an erosion of Britain's industrial competitiveness, had promoted a rival rescue plan through an all-European consortium that included British Aerospace (1985 sales: \$3.6 billion). The Thatcher government professed to be neutral, but Heseltine and others charged the Prime Minister with favoring the U.S. bid.

Heseltine embarrassed Thatcher two weeks ago by becoming the first British Minister since 1887 to resign by storming out of a Cabinet meeting. He followed that flamboyant gesture by charging Brittan with trying to pressure British Aerospace into pulling out of the European consortium. Brittan denied the claim, but conceded that he had warned British Aerospace that a decision against Sikorsky might be considered anti-American and could hurt the firm's U.S. sales, which account for about 12% of revenues.

When the House of Commons met on Monday afternoon, Heseltine asked Brittan if he was aware of a letter from British Aerospace to the government, said to con-

tain the company's account of a Jan. 8 meeting in which Brittan allegedly urged it to withdraw from the European group. In his reply, Brittan denied four times that such a letter had come in. Within an hour, however, the Prime Minister's office admitted that Thatcher had indeed received the letter and had mentioned it to Brittan. The Minister then executed a sharp about-face, explaining that he had not felt free earlier to reveal the letter's existence because it was marked PRIVATE AND STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. Said Brittan: "I had no intention of deceiving the House. If it is thought in any way that I misled the House, I apologize unreservedly." His confession brought opposition choruses of "Resign!" and "Withdraw!"

Released two days later, the letter stated that Brittan had told



Heseltine



Brittan



The embattled Prime Minister  
Charges of high-level deceit

British Aerospace's chief executive officer, Sir Raymond Lygo, that his company's involvement in the Euro-consortium "was not in the national interest" and that he "should withdraw." The account seemed to belie Thatcher's claim of neutrality. The government simultaneously released its own description of the Jan. 8 meeting. According to notes taken by Brittan's secretary, the Minister had said only that "it was not in the national interest that the present uncertainty involving Westland should drag on."

A motion for a parliamentary inquiry into the government's handling of the Westland affair was subsequently defeated by a vote of 370 to 217. Later in the week, Westland's board failed to muster the 75% shareholder approval needed to accept the Sikorsky bid. The biggest loser in the whole affair was clearly Thatcher: a Gallup poll published last week gave her Conservative Party only a 29.5% approval rating, its poorest standing since 1980. ■

## Wind of Change

### A Soviet visitor seeks a thaw

**I**t was unseasonably warm and the sky was clear blue. In meteorological and in diplomatic terms, there was a thaw in the air last week when Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze arrived in Tokyo to begin a five-day visit, the first to Japan by a Soviet Foreign Minister since Andrei Gromyko, now the Soviet President, stepped on Japanese soil ten years ago. The latest visitor set an optimistic note, declaring his hope that the two nations will be blown closer together by a "wind of change."

Many Japanese, however, had different ideas: fleets of sound trucks manned by Japanese right-wing activists roamed the streets, their huge loudspeakers blaring anti-Soviet slogans. The demonstrations were largely directed at the Soviet refusal to return four Japanese islands in the Kurile group, seized in 1945 and now used as military bases. This was only one of the issues separating the two sides. Perennially tense relations have been worsened by such events as the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the shooting down of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 in September 1983. But although the talks seemed to be important more for their symbolism than their substance, they held the promise of less icy relations.

At the talks, the Soviets protested the U.S. deployment of F-16 fighters in northern Japan and urged Tokyo to consider carefully any participation in the U.S. Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, program. The Japanese, led by Foreign Secretary Shintaro Abe, countered by expressing "strong regret" over the Soviet military buildup in the northwestern Pacific, including the deployment of an estimated 135 SS-20 intermediate-range nuclear missiles. Discussions on economic matters proved more constructive. The two countries signed a pact governing taxes on Soviet-Japanese trade and agreed to meet annually for talks on development projects in Siberia.

Tokyo's major interest was in the return of the occupied Kurile islands, a subject that Moscow has long chosen to ignore. The Japanese made it clear that any final communiqué that failed to include the topic would be unacceptable. At the end of last week the Soviets appeared ready to make an oblique reference to the dispute in a joint statement. The new Soviet approach to Japan appears to be largely due to Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev, who is believed to be anxious to improve his country's image in Asia generally. Relations with China have improved, Soviet influence has increased over North Korea, and Moscow has tried to mend its fences with the six-nation Association of Southeast Asian Nations. As one U.S. diplomat recalls being told last fall by a Soviet counterpart, "Look out in Asia now. We have a man who is interested in Asia. America is in for some challenges." ■



## World Notes

### THE PHILIPPINES

## Under the Weather

For years there have been whispers that President Ferdinand Marcos is suffering from a degenerative kidney disease that requires him to undergo regular dialysis. Although Marcos, 68, has put in some taxing days on the stump, his campaigning for the Feb. 7 election, in which he is being challenged by Corason Aquino, 52, has revived the rumors about his health. He has canceled a number of public appearances, blaming "unpredictable weather." Then on Friday, before a speech in Pangasinan province, Marcos' left hand began to bleed, and he had to be treated onstage by a doctor and nurse. On Saturday in Calapan, Marcos wore a large bandage on his left hand and adhesive strips on his right. He insisted that the bleeding had come from being scratched by overeager supporters trying to shake his hands.

As if that were not trouble enough, Marcos' campaign plane nearly collided on Saturday with an air force plane carrying some of his security guards that was about to land at the opposite end of the same airstrip. Flying in clear skies, the two craft came within 3,000 ft. of each other before the military plane veered out of the way, almost hitting a grove of palm trees.



Marcos, his hand bandaged

### DISASTERS

## A Bad Start for 1986

Part of the adventure for tourists who visit the ancient Mayan city of Tikal is in getting there. The site's famous ruins are buried deep in the Guatemalan jungle, and the 40-min. flight from Guatemala City affords sightseers spectacular views of the lush terrain. But last Saturday morning that journey ended in tragedy as a twin-engine Caravelle operated by the private carrier Aerovias crashed on its way to the airport at Santa Elena, 37 miles south of Tikal. Early reports put the number killed at 90, including six Americans. Some of the passengers had apparently traveled to Guatemala for the swearing-in of President Vinicio Cerezo Arévalo, the country's first civilian leader in 16 years.

The accident, the first major crash in 1986, increased the concern about air safety aroused by the series of catastrophes that made 1985 the deadliest in the history of civil aviation. The number of people killed in accidents in 1985 was nearly 2,000, far above the previous record of 1,229 in 1974. Aerovias officials had rented the jet to handle increased demand for trips to Tikal. Air-traffic controllers at Santa Elena said the pilot gave no indications that his plane was in trouble before it went down.

### SOVIET UNION

## A New Dimension in Sea Power

The flattop is 1,000 ft. long and weighs 65,000 tons, a monster by Soviet standards but considerably smaller than the U.S.S. *Eisenhower* (1,092 ft., 94,000 tons). Even so, the nuclear-powered vessel launched last month at the Nikolayev Shipyard on the Black Sea is a notable Soviet innovation: the country's first conventional aircraft carrier. The ship sports both an angled flight deck for fixed-wing aircraft, as on all U.S. carriers, and a ski-jump ramp, similar to those on British carriers, for launching short-takeoff aircraft. Existing Soviet carrier-type vessels, like the 37,000-ton *Minsk*, are equipped only for short-takeoff planes and for helicopters. Revealing the Soviet launching last week,

U.S. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger said that the carrier eventually will enable the Soviets "to engage in conflict and aggression much farther from their shores."

But not right away. Preparing the carrier for combat will take four more years, while a second Soviet carrier being built at the Black Sea shipyard will not be launched until 1989. Thus, for the moment, the flattop score remains firmly in favor of the U.S., which currently has 13 of the vessels on operational status.

### ISRAEL

## Warming Up the Cold Peace

Prime Minister Shimon Peres has been hampered in his efforts to improve relations with Egypt by a minor but irritating border dispute. At issue is a 250-acre stretch of coastline along the Gulf of Aqaba named Taba, claimed by both countries on the basis of old survey maps. The Israelis completed their withdrawal from the rest of the occupied Sinai in 1982 under the terms of their peace treaty with Egypt. But they retained Taba, and in fact built a resort hotel on it. Peres has been ready to agree to an Egyptian demand for international arbitration as a means of warming up the "cold peace" with Cairo. He has been held back by the Likud bloc, his Labor Party's right-wing partners in the ruling coalition.

Last week the Prime Minister won over the Likud ministers by implicitly threatening to resign and thus bring down the government. His secret weapon: the Likud's knowledge that it must not cause too much trouble between now and October, when Peres is due to exchange jobs with Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, the Likud leader. Later in the week Peres scored a victory of another kind: the establishment of diplomatic relations with Spain for the first time.



On patrol at Taba

### CANADA

## Markets on the Mind

It was a whirlwind week of diplomacy for Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone. Before meeting with Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze in Tokyo, he spent three days in Canada, ostensibly exploring how the two countries could work together to promote world trade. But there was another purpose for the visit. Nakasone wanted assurances that forthcoming U.S.-Canadian talks aimed at negotiating a free-trade agreement would not cut Japan off from its Canadian markets.

Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney promised that any agreement reached with the U.S. would be made within the framework of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and thus would not have an adverse effect on Canada's other trading partners. Later, Nakasone, speaking in both French and English before the Canadian Parliament, decried what he saw as a rising tide of protectionism. Likening international free trade to "a fragile porcelain doll," the Prime Minister went so far as to concede that Japan should be more open to imports. Officials of both countries later revealed that Tokyo had agreed to work toward the elimination of import tariffs on Canadian computer parts and semiconductors.



Looking for assurances



## Heading into the Straightaway

TIME's *European Board of Economists* sees continued growth in 1986

**W**estern Europe is enjoying an economic recovery that, for all its modesty, promises to accelerate this year and endure well into 1987. And, thanks to falling oil and commodity prices, inflation is expected to drop further. That was the encouraging assessment presented by TIME's European Board of Economists at its twice-yearly meeting, which was held this time in Madrid to mark Spain's and Portugal's entrance into the European Community.

Despite a declining dollar on world currency markets, which makes foreign products more expensive in the U.S., Western Europe's trade surplus is expected to rise from last year's \$25 billion to \$40 billion. If, as expected, the European export boom eventually cools down, the gap can easily be filled at home by rising consumer demand and increased industrial investments. Even the painful level of unemployment will probably decline slightly in the year ahead, partly as a result of an increase in small, new businesses. Nonetheless, some 10.5% of the labor force remains jobless, and this continues to be Western Europe's major economic and political problem.

Some board members warned against what Herbert Giersch, director of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics, called a mood of "Europhoria." The good economic news has led investors to push up prices sharply on all the major stock exchanges in Europe in recent months, but Giersch warned that growth will not be enough to solve deep-rooted problems like unemployment. Hans Mast, an executive vice president of Crédit Suisse, agreed. Said he: "Unemployment in Europe has many demographic, structural and social causes that cannot be redressed simply." He also pointed out that his upbeat forecast assumed that U.S. economic performance would improve. "Ultimately," Mast said, "Europe cannot prosper unless the rest of the world is prospering."

Mast acknowledged that familiar threats to the recovery still existed: a crash landing of the declining dollar, for example, or a collapse of oil prices could bring turmoil to the international financial system. An American turn to protectionism as a means of dealing with its \$145 billion trade deficit poses another risk. So does the vast, unpayable debt being borne by developing countries. But Mast believes that prospects for international crisis management have been greatly improved since U.S. Treasury Secretary James Baker launched his campaign last year for closer cooperation among the world's major industrial coun-

tries. Said Mast: "1986 could be a decisive year. Let us hope that it will not turn out to be a year of missed opportunities."

The French government has suggested that the industrial nations launch a coordinated program to reduce interest rates as a way of spurring growth. That was probably one of the topics discussed last weekend at a closed-door meeting in London of finance ministers from the five largest industrial countries. The U.S. has been urging West Germany and Japan to follow policies that would foster more growth, but they have resisted, arguing that inflation remains a threat.

The TIME board members were divided over the issue of whether Europe could stimulate its economies more without risking higher inflation. Mast pointed out that West Germany, Britain and France have already introduced tax cuts. Any stronger measures, he indicated, could bring about more price increases and higher interest rates. Mast was backed by Samuel Brittan, an assistant editor of the *Financial Times* of London, who felt that government action to push growth would result in "some of the inflationary dangers that made our flesh creep a few years ago."

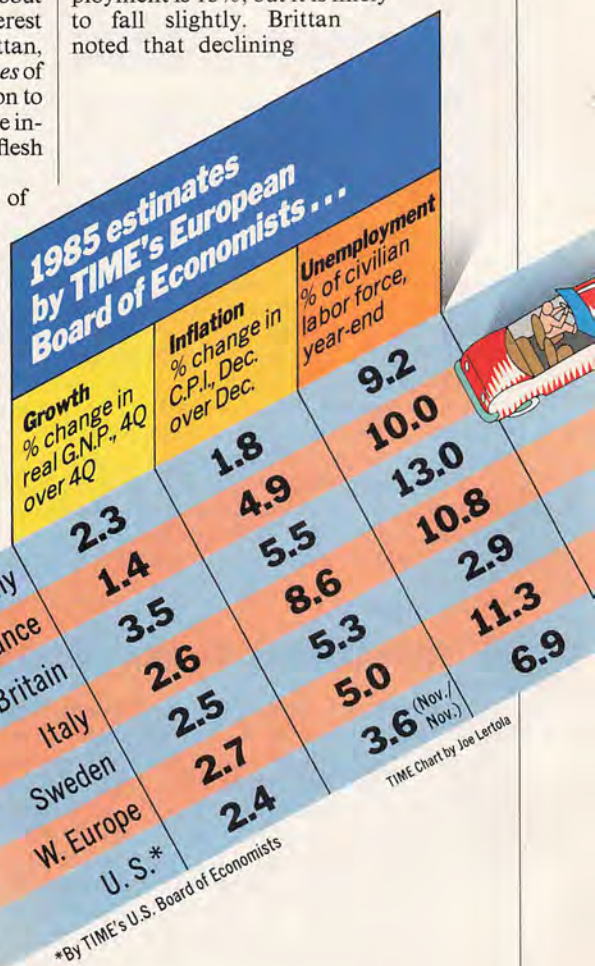
But Nils Lundgren, vice president of Stockholm's Pkbanken, believes that West European countries are slowly creating conditions for steady, solid growth. Said Lundgren: "We are more inflation-proof now during the business upswings." Imports are cheaper, wage increases are modest, and governments are reducing budget deficits. At the same time, Lundgren found that Europeans, on the political left as well as the right, have learned to accept the need for free-market solutions, even if it means shutting down loss-making steel mills and shipyards. Jean-Marie Chevalier, professor of economics at the University of Paris Nord, also noted the growth of a new entrepreneurial spirit that helps growth.

Not all the board members, however, predicted only good times ahead for Europe. Giersch, for one, saw a Continent divided between a majority of employed and a significant minority of jobless; between skilled workers and the unskilled; between regions that are prospering, mainly those located around the Alps, and regions whose resource-based industries are in rapid decline. Export

industries have been doing well, Giersch noted, while others, like housing, have suffered. What Europe still lacks, according to Giersch, is a flexible labor force that would be willing in some cases to accept lower pay and move more easily to new jobs. Without that, he said, it will be difficult to achieve more than 3.5% growth per year. Guido Carli, former governor of the Bank of Italy, noted that companies were increasing productivity by using fewer workers.

For the immediate future, the board gave encouraging forecasts for five of the European Community's major economies and Scandinavia. The projections:

**BRITAIN.** Private consumption, which is expanding faster than exports and investment, should lead to 3% growth this year. Inflation is expected to fall to about 3.8% by the end of the year. Unemployment is 13%, but it is likely to fall slightly. Brittan noted that declining





oil prices are reducing British revenues and putting pressure on the pound. He predicted that the government would raise interest rates, if necessary, to maintain the value of the currency.

**FRANCE.** Chevalier predicts a year of improvement based on a policy consensus between the Socialist government and the conservative opposition, which is currently expected to win parliamentary elections scheduled for March 16. Growth should accelerate slightly from last year's meager 1.4%, to 2.1%, because of what Chevalier called "a gift from abroad"—lower oil prices and a cheaper dollar. Inflation in France will dip from 4.9% to 4% this year, while unemployment will edge up to 11%.

**WEST GERMANY.** Giersch called 1985, when the economy expanded by 2.3%, a disappointing year. But growth in 1986 is expected to swell to 3%, largely on the basis of a doubling of private consumption, from 1.5% to 3%. Consumers will get the first of two planned tax cuts, and wages are expected to rise by around 4% this year. Giersch expects labor leaders to call for larger increases in 1986. Since an election is coming next year, he said, the government will not be in a mood to resist. Inflation, currently 1.8%, is expected to be 2% in 1986.

**ITALY.** Carli forecast continued growth at around 2.5% this year. Despite that rather modest expansion, companies have enjoyed hefty profits because they have increased prices and kept capital investments low. But the Italian public debt, now 101.9% of the gross national product, is expected to grow another 5.6% by the end of 1987.

**SCANDINAVIA.** Lundgren observed that four of the

Nordic countries are each going through very different experiences. Sweden, for example, is struggling with wage and price increases that are 2% to 4% higher than those of its major competitors. This year wages may rise by close to 8%. Growth is expected to slow from 2.5% to 1% in 1986. In Denmark, by contrast, inflation and wage increases are coming down to the rate of its partners in the European Community after years of rapid government spending. Denmark's major problem is a widening trade deficit, which is increasing the country's foreign debt. Norway has been enjoying growth rates of more than 3%, largely because of oil exports, but now is run-

ning into trouble. Norwegians have been on a consumer spending spree that is pushing up prices and wages. Finland, according to Lundgren, is the Japan of Western Europe. It had 4% growth last year and is expected to have only slightly less in 1986.

Throughout the session, the board members argued basically about how to use the opportunity offered by the arrival of a more durable recovery to create additional jobs. No one disagreed that West European economies are at last on the move after years of little or no growth. Mast warned, though, that labor

... and their 1986 forecasts

	Growth % change in real G.N.P., 4Q over 4Q	Inflation % change in C.P.I., Dec. over Dec.	Unemployment % of civilian labor force, year-end
W. Germany	3.0	2.0	8.5
France	2.1	4.0	11.0
Britain	3.0	3.8	12.5
Italy	2.5	6.2	11.0
Sweden	1.0	4.8	3.4
W. Europe	3.0	4.3	10.5
U.S.*	2.9	4.0	6.8

unions seemed to be becoming more aggressive and demanding higher pay increases as the outlook brightened.

The best hope for reducing Europe's continuing unemployment problem is through structural reforms, such as faster progress toward a genuine European common market and greater labor mobility. That would unleash more competition and create both new companies and new jobs.

—By Frederick Painton

## New Members of the Club

By joining the European Community on Jan. 1, Spain and Portugal have declared an end to centuries of economic isolation. Their tariff walls will gradually be dismantled, and the two countries will take on both the risks and rewards of increased trade with their neighbors. For an assessment of what this change will mean for the economies of Spain and Portugal, TIME invited José Luis Leal, Spain's Minister of the Economy in 1979 and 1980, to the Madrid meeting of its European Board of Economists. His conclusion: Spain and Portugal might suffer a few short-run shocks from E.C. membership but would ultimately benefit. Leal admitted, though, that the two nations were "jumping into the unknown."

Economic reform has been slow in both Spain and Portugal since the two countries ended authoritarian regimes and established democratic governments in the 1970s. The Spanish government has encouraged the shrinking of old-line industries, including steel and shipbuilding, as a way of shifting resources to businesses with brighter futures. But in the process, unemployment has risen to about 20%, from 5.3% in 1977. In Portugal, political instability, which has resulted in

16 governments in the past twelve years, has held back economic progress. The country's per capita annual income is \$1,900, less than a third of the E.C. average.

Paradoxically, the depressed economic conditions in Spain and Portugal could give them an advantage in trade with the rest of the E.C. Reason: wages are comparatively low in both countries, and that helps keep prices modest. Leal pointed out that some Spanish agricultural prices are 17% to 20% less than those of other E.C. countries. Joining the Community should enable Spain to boost its exports of fruits, vegetables and wines. Portugal is likely to increase its shipments of textiles and shoes.

The danger, though, is that industries will be hurt by imports once trade barriers come down. To give Spanish and Portuguese manufacturers a fighting chance, the E.C. will let the two countries drop their tariffs over a seven-year period. Increased competition could eventually make businesses stronger by encouraging them to be more efficient and innovative. In addition, a freer exchange of products and ideas with the rest of Europe will help Spain and Portugal gear up their lagging economies for the 21st century. Said Leal: "For four centuries we have looked at our problems in a very inward way, and now we will be forced to look outward."





Meese last week setting forth the case for new legislation

## Plans to Make Mergers Easier

*The White House seeks a sweeping overhaul of antitrust laws*

**U**nder the tolerant gaze of the Reagan Administration, giant U.S. companies have been merging at an unprecedented rate. Now the White House wants to make it still easier for firms to consolidate. Officials last week unveiled a sweeping plan to overhaul antitrust laws that have held sway since the early part of the 20th century. "The Reagan crew is obviously determined to leave its mark on business policy," said James Maher, managing director of mergers and acquisitions at the First Boston investment-banking firm. "These ideas, if enacted, will fuel more fires in merger activity."

The proposed changes would make mergers less difficult for rivals in industries beset by imports, like steel and apparel. Among other reforms, they would ease penalties in antitrust suits brought by one company against another and would make it harder for courts to block a merger on grounds that the combined firm might eventually become a monopoly.

Administration officials said the proposals would strengthen U.S. firms in their struggle with foreign manufacturers, which are often part of vast industrial enterprises. Attorney General Edwin Meese said the changes would "bring antitrust laws into conformity with modern times" by making them "compatible with the global market." Concurred Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige: "We are living in an era of intense worldwide competition, and we think American companies should merge if it is going to increase their competitiveness."

Business groups had mixed views about the proposed changes. While companies generally favor efforts to loosen antitrust restrictions, many fear that calls

for broad reforms may arouse strong opposition. Some observers were particularly wary of the provision to relax laws to allow mergers of rival firms in distressed industries. Said Joe Sims, a Washington, D.C., antitrust attorney who represents large industrial companies: "It's got to be a real lightning rod. It's going to attract a lot of controversy and criticism."

Indeed, many experts doubt that mergers necessarily produce strong companies. "You don't put two turkeys together and make an eagle," said Stephen Rhoades, a Federal Reserve economist and author of a book on mergers. "I don't think there is any significant evidence that permitting more mergers in industries that are hurt will help them a bit." Marvin Kusters, an American Enterprise Institute economist, was also unimpressed: "Most industries in which we have had competitive difficulties recently are not exactly filled with a bunch of pygmy companies."

The proposals are certain to run into trouble when they reach Congress. There has been growing public concern that the merger wave has already gone too far, and that sentiment is likely to be reflected among legislators. Peter Rodino, a New Jersey Democrat and chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, predicted last week that his panel will not support "substantial or precipitous changes in the antitrust laws." The overhaul should receive a warmer greeting in the Senate, where South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond, who heads the Judiciary Committee, plans to give it careful consideration. An aide described Thurmond as a longtime advocate of "sensible" antitrust reform.

—By John Greenwald. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington

## Bitter Harvest

*Awful lot of drought in Brazil*

**N**o matter how they spend the rest of the day, millions of people around the world start it off with a cup of coffee. Almost one-third of that coffee is grown in Brazil, where the worst drought of the century has recently devastated much of the crop. As a result, caffeine lovers will probably soon be forced to pay more for their morning jolt.

Brazilian production has already been slashed from last year's harvest of 2 million tons to an estimated 1 million tons or less. Said Brazilian Coffee Farmer Paulo Ribeiro last week: "The trees are just dry sticks. They don't have any leaves. It will take three years for the trees to return to 60% of their previous production."

So far, price increases have mainly been at the wholesale level. Since November, when the severity of the damage became evident, Procter & Gamble has pushed up wholesale prices for its Folgers brand from \$2.53 to \$3.95 per lb. Many grocery stores expect prices to jump more than \$1 per lb. during the next month.

By the time the government realized the extent of the crop failure, Brazil had only small reserves of the beans on hand. Some growers are now hoarding their supplies in hopes of higher prices, further exacerbating the shortage. Says Farmer Ribeiro: "I'm not selling for any price at the moment. For us, coffee is like gold."

**T**he disastrous turn in the weather has worsened Brazil's attempts to pay off its staggering foreign debt. Coffee is one of Brazil's major cash crops and a crucial source of hard currency. The country currently owes foreign banks and governments some \$100 billion.

The rise in coffee prices could be slowed if other coffee producers, including Indonesia, Colombia and the Ivory Coast, increase exports. The International Coffee Organization, a 75-nation cartel, will meet in London this week to discuss the world market situation in the face of Brazil's drought.

Although other coffee producers may push up exports, coffee prices are likely to be erratic for the next few months. Says Sandra Kaul, a research analyst with Shearson Lehman: "Even if there is plenty of coffee around, the flow of it will not be very smooth." Indonesia and other countries are not set up to ship significantly larger quantities to the U.S.

Some industry watchers think that a run-up in prices may force people to other drinks. Says Jules Rose, chairman of Sloan's Supermarkets, a chain in the New York City area: "Every time there's a noticeable increase in coffee prices, there's a drop in consumption. I think people will decide coffee prices are so high that it would be better to drink tea or soda. It's not the same caffeine kick, but it's a kick." ■





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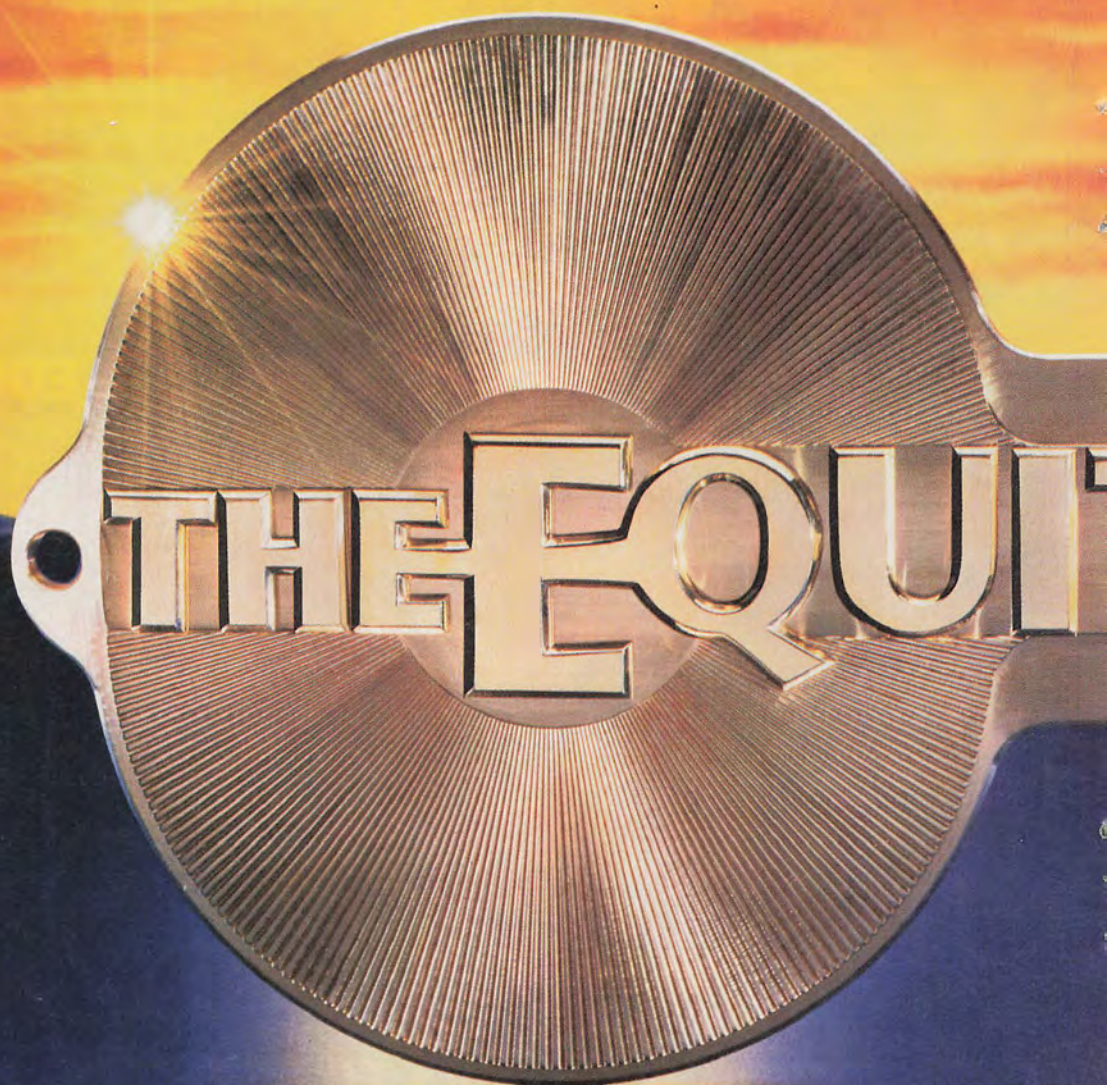


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**WANG**



## Battling Drugs on the Job

*Companies crack down on employees high at work*

The newsroom staff at the Kansas City *Star* and *Times* was in an uproar last week over a memo from Publisher James Hale. Responding to a suggestion from Thomas Murphy, chairman of Capital Cities/ABC, the New York City-based owners of the papers, Hale told employees that drug-sniffing dogs might be used at the Missouri papers as part of a company-wide program to fight narcotics abuse.

After heated protests, however, Hale reconsidered and proposed instead to create an advisory committee of managers and employees to "free the workplace of drugs." In a separate memo to all Capital Cities workers, Murphy acknowledged the "distress and confusion" that had been sparked by the plan to bring in dogs. But he stressed his determination to move against drugs, telling his employees, "We absolutely cannot, and will not, tolerate drug trafficking, drug use or drug possession in the workplace."

What may have seemed a little too up to date in Kansas City has already become a part of life in offices and plants across the U.S. Companies no longer treat drug problems as an embarrassing aberration limited to a few low-level employees. While most firms have long been aware of the toll that alcoholism takes on workers, they are now confronted with widespread abuse of illegal drugs as well, from the shop floor to the executive suite.

Current estimates are that between 5% and 13% of the U.S. work force abuses drugs other than alcohol. Numerous studies have shown that such abuse means up to three times as many job-related accidents and ten or more times as many sick days. As a result, companies are cracking down.

The economic consequences of the problem are staggering. According to a study released by the Research Triangle Institute in June 1984, abuse of illegal drugs cost the U.S. \$60 billion in 1983, up from \$46 billion in 1979. Lost worker productivity in 1983 accounted for \$33 billion. Some experts think the figure may be much higher.

Faced with such numbers, American business has gone to war against drugs. Says Michael Walsh, chief of clinical and behavioral pharmacology at the National Institute on Drug Abuse: "Nearly half of all the FORTUNE 500 firms are expected to have programs in place within a year to identify abuse and rehabilitate employees at company expense."

A growing number of major U.S. companies, including such firms as Ex-

xon, Federal Express, Greyhound Lines, Southern California Edison, TWA, IBM and Lockheed, require all job applicants to pass urinalysis tests that screen for drugs. Some firms demand that experienced workers undergo such tests when the danger of impairment is simply too great to chance. At Rockwell, company pilots and employees who work with explosives are tested once a year.

When such measures are not enough, tougher actions are often taken. Many



**A Doberman being trained to sniff out narcotics**

*The problem exists on shop floors and in executive suites.*

companies use undercover agents and drug-sniffing dogs to root out narcotics on their premises. Says Larry Curran, vice president of First Security, a Boston firm: "We're doing 15 to 20 drug investigations per week for corporations right now. That is an increase of 100% from last year."

The price of being caught can be high. Late last week, on an oil-drilling platform in the Gulf of Mexico, a specially trained Labrador retriever, flown in by helicopter from Franklin, La., discovered marijuana in a worker's luggage. The employee was fired on the spot, and shared a ride back to the mainland with the dog and its handler.

All oil companies operating in the Gulf have similar policies. In the course of one nine-month period, Pennzoil searched twelve platforms, 25 boats and 30 helicopters and fired 85 people caught with drugs. The firm now lets go even employees who are found in possession of drug parapher-

nal like roach clips and rolling papers.

At a GM plant in Dayton two weeks ago, 49 people were arrested for using and selling cocaine on the site, and 29 GM employees among those apprehended were fired. That capped a nine-month investigation by local police at the company's request, during which undercover agents purchased large amounts of marijuana and cocaine. On Jan. 2, the agents bought half a pound of coke for \$14,000. Said Detective Nels Munson: "That's when we knew we had to move."

Inevitably, perhaps, these determined efforts to reverse a serious problem have upset some workers and sparked lawsuits and other actions. Many workers who fail drug tests insist that an error has been made, arguing that careers can be ruined over such a mistake. Others object because the tests detect traces of drugs lingering in the body that may have no effect on job performance. According to Dr. Reynold Schmidt, corporate medical director for Unocal, regular users of marijuana, for instance, can test positive in some urinalysis screenings three months or more after their last smoke.

Critics are concerned that the drive to eradicate drugs is violating individual rights. In San Francisco the board of supervisors passed a city ordinance last year prohibiting random drug tests by any employer, after Southern Pacific ordered 600 workers to provide urine samples for testing. The company had fired the only employee who refused to cooperate.

Southern Pacific and many other firms insist that the tests are necessary. Like Murphy at Capital Cities, who started his company's program to fight drugs in part because of the cocaine-related death of an employee in 1984, many managers have seen workers die as a result of drug abuse in industrial acci-

dents, train crashes and highway pileups. Says Peter Bensinger, a former chief of the Drug Enforcement Administration who is now a leading consultant on drug abuse: "No one has a civil right to violate the law. Companies do have a right and responsibility to establish sound working conditions."

Indeed, since the screening program was put into place at Southern Pacific, accidents caused by human error have been slashed by more than two-thirds, from 911 in 1983 to 285 in 1985. Says Company Vice President William Lacy: "I have read the Constitution many times, and have yet to find where it authorizes a person to climb up on a locomotive and operate a train carrying hazardous material while under the influence of drugs."

—By Janice Castro. Reported by Jonathan Beaty/Los Angeles and Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta, with other bureaus





KATZ—BLACK STAR

Perched atop ramps, hidden behind bunkers, the forces of Alpha Red and Alpha Green engage in a fierce fight for control on a distant planet

## "I Enjoy Shooting at My Friends"

*Anyone can become a cosmic warrior in a Photon battle*

As the Alpha Green and Alpha Red armies prepare to do battle, a female voice intones, "Welcome Photon warriors." Neon lights begin pulsating, and eerie, pounding synthesizer music envelops the room. Then, after a countdown ("Five-four-three-two-one"), the two sides engage in combat, seeking to hunt down and zap their opponents with ray guns. Following a 6½-minute cosmic shootout, the soldiers are told that their "strategic maneuvers" have been completed. Fire ceases, and the teams file out. In the lobby, two Photonites shed their gear and revert to Tom Hoy, 25, and Kelli Saul, 22, both of Denver. Says Hoy of life on Planet Photon: "It's like being in a movie."

Indeed, *Star Wars*, to be more precise. Photon has fused science fiction, warfare and computers into a high-tech game that is now a fast-growing franchise business. Invented by Entrepreneur George Carter III, Photon was born after Carter saw *Star Wars* and began thinking of a way to let would-be Luke Skywalkers shoot each other with laser beams, or the next best thing. Carter set up the first Photon operation in Dallas in 1984. Since then, franchises have opened in Houston, Denver, Toronto and Kenilworth, N.J. Carter has already sold 94 others and expects them to begin operating at the rate of one a week by spring.

Planet Photon is a cavernous bi-level room with tunnels, bunkers and towers that spew Martian mist. Space cadets

roam the terrain on foot. They are divided into two battalions, the red and the green, with up to ten members each. Every soldier wears a helmet that flashes tiny red or green lights for identification. All carry phaser guns, which emit an invisible, infrared beam; chest pods that read the phaser beams and keep track of each hit; and battery packs that energize the guns, helmets and chest pods. The helmets also produce mechanical sounds: a zing tells the warrior he has scored a hit, a drone that he has been hit. The object is to shoot the enemy and bombard its home base.

Photon resembles a space trek in price as well as style. Start-up costs for an outlet are a hefty \$500,000. The money pays for not only sophisticated lighting

and computer gear but also indoor moon-scaping. Says Carter: "This isn't like building a soft-drink stand." Still, franchise owners say the profits are celestial, and they expect to recoup their investments easily. Denver Co-Owner Neil Jarvey III says his costs run \$50,000 a month, but he believes that revenues will be twice that.

For Photon addicts, the game is not a cheap habit. Players must pay a onetime fee of between \$4.50 and \$6.50, depending on location, for a lifetime passport, and then plunk down from \$3 to \$3.50 for each battle. The costs soon begin to add up since many warriors keep trying to improve their performances. Denver Stockbroker Joe Bates, 26, suits up about every other night and plays two or three rounds. Says he: "It's the competition I like."

Play is restricted to people taller than 4 ft. 6 in. because anyone smaller is considered too weak to carry the 13 lbs. of battle gear. About 80% of the warriors are men, and most are under 30. Regulars relish the game's martial qualities. Says Samm Wiggins, 32, owner of a Houston delivery service: "I enjoy shooting at my friends."

Perhaps Photon's only problem is that old soldiers might just get bored and fade away. Complains Denverite Bates: "They need to change things from time to time." But Carter's empire is ready to strike back with new technology. Within a year, helmets will be equipped so that warriors can communicate with each other and receive running scores during the game. Ultimately, of course, Carter thinks he will prevail, because the Force is with him. —By Gordon M. Henry. Reported by David S. Jackson/Dallas and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Denver



CARL WASSMAN

A warrior aims his phaser in a haze of mist  
*Bringing Star Wars down to earth.*



## Business Notes

### COMMODITIES

## Some Glitter Is Back in Gold

For most of the decade, gold has proved a lackluster investment, selling far below its glittering 1980 high of \$850 an ounce. Last week, though, the market showed that it still had the stuff to stage an old-fashioned speculative rally. Trading volume in New York totaled 101,000 contracts. It was the third-biggest day in the market's history. Gold closed the week at \$356.60, the highest level in 18 months.

The rally seemed a delayed reaction to the declining value of the dollar, down more than 20% since last February. Investors may also have bought bullion out of fear that hostilities might break out between Libya and the U.S.

The market had an element of mystery as well. The buying binge may have been fueled by a single investor group, possibly a Middle East consortium. One rumor has it that the Sultan of Brunei, monarch of the oil-rich country in northeast Borneo, has been buying millions of ounces of gold during the past month. He oversees a fortune estimated at \$30 billion, and is said to be the world's richest man. Certainly he has the cash to play the gold market.



The Sultan of Brunei can afford it

### TELEVISION

## Creating Static in the Skies



Backyard battleground

The American backyard is a battleground for the television industry. The subject of dispute: 1.5 million satellite dish antennas. These contraptions enable their owners to pick up free the 100-odd TV signals that fly through the sky. This is irksome to programmers transmitting shows to local cable operators via satellite. The industry estimates that it loses up to \$700 million a year to commercial owners of dishes and forfeits additional income to private dish owners.

Last week two leading cable services, Home Box Office and Cinemax, which are both owned by Time Inc., acted to stymie this practice. The firms began scrambling their satellite transmissions so that dish owners who try to tune into those cable networks will get nothing but a garble. Fourteen other cable programmers, including MTV, CNN and Showtime, will follow suit. Showtime will start scrambling its signals in May.

Satellite-dish owners can receive those cable services by buying a device to unscramble the signals (price: \$395). In addition, they will have to pay a monthly fee, just like cable viewers.

### RETAILING

## The British Are Leaving

In American retailing, it pays to be either chic or cheap. Upscale stores like Bloomingdale's are thriving, and discounters like Wal-Mart do well. The middle of the market, though, is a difficult place to set up shop.

Gimbels, a New York-based department-store chain founded in 1842 in Indiana, was put up for sale last week. It was a vic-

tim of the industry's vanishing middle. Gimbels' parent company, the British conglomerate B.A.T. Industries, is unloading Gimbels' flagship store in Manhattan, which once was a lively rival for nearby Macy's ("Does Gimbels tell Macy's?"), plus 35 other outlets in New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Milwaukee.

B.A.T. will also shed an additional 57 U.S.-based retail stores. These include the Frederick & Nelson and Crescent stores in Oregon and Washington, as well as the Kohl's outlets in the Midwest. So far, no buyer has surfaced, but B.A.T. is expected eventually to receive about \$600 million for Gimbels and the three other American retail chains. That cash will surely be used to pay off some of the B.A.T. debt, which totaled \$2.5 billion at year's end.

### TELEPHONES

## Call to the Nearest Competitor

When AT&T was broken up in 1984, many companies looked forward to plugging into the phone business, which had been the near monopoly of Ma Bell. The \$45 billion long-distance market seemed especially alluring. Most new carriers, though, have so far found no one at home. Some 80% of all American households still make long-distance phone calls through AT&T.

Last week two competitors decided to join forces in fighting AT&T. GTE announced that it will merge its Sprint subsidiary, the third largest U.S. long-distance operator, with U.S. Telecom, the fourth largest competitor. The new company will be called U.S. Sprint.

GTE has invested close to \$2 billion in Sprint since it bought the business from Southern Pacific in 1983 for \$750 million. Still, Sprint lost nearly \$300 million in 1985 alone. Said Charles Schelke, an analyst at Smith Barney: "If GTE could have found someone willing to take the whole thing, it would have sold all of Sprint." GTE Chairman Theodore Brophy, though, insists that he had no intention of shedding Sprint. Said he: "The combined venture will be stronger than the sum of its components."

### INNOVATIONS

## And Now, a Throwaway Camera

Cameras have come a long way in the age of high tech, but many snapshot fans still yearn for the ultimate in simplicity. For shutterbugs who cannot tell an f-stop from an ASA reading and have no desire to learn, the latest attraction is nothing less than a throwaway camera. Sonora Industrial in Brazil is now selling the Love Camera, a push-button product that is compact, automatic and totally disposable. No adjustments, no mistakes, and, once the film is used, no camera. After the customer shoots the 20-exposure roll of 16-mm color film, the 2-in. by 3½-in. device is cracked open like a walnut by an authorized processing lab. The film is then developed and sent to the consumer.

In 1978 Sonora President Nuno Caplan spotted a version of the camera in a Miami pharmacy. Intrigued, he bought the American company that manufactured it and had his engineers improve the design. Some 6 million of the throwaways have now been marketed. Priced at \$10 or less, the camera is given away free as a promotional item by Revlon and other companies. Love's appeal is that all the user has to do is point and click.



Compact, automatic and disposable



COVER STORIES

## "Sweetness" and Might

*From Payton to Perry, an old-style football team warms Chicago*



America does not need the Chicago Bears to tell it that iceboxes are irresistible. For some reason probably larger and possibly even more surprising than William Perry, the country just needs the Chicago Bears. One pro football team or another wins most of its games every year, but this season more than last, more than many winters past, the actual football playing has seemed an adjunct to the celebration. Though they have their appealing characters, including the game's regal running back, Walter Payton, the Bears are far from the most comely players in the National Football League. In fact, beginning with a quarterback who cuts his own hair, young Jim McMahon, they could be the least glamorous people ever to dine at a Super Bowl, which may start to explain their charm.

It's Chicago, of course. That always clangs a national cowbell. At recurring Cub and White Sox calamities (DePaul's dependable basketball disasters are fairly localized pains), the city's slumped shoulders extend over a remarkably broad piece of the nation. But some things are not meant to be shared and, until now, the Bears have embodied most of them. No outsider is as wary of freezing conditions as a Chicagoan is proprietary of frostbite. Any Sunbelt slur is returned with a blast of icy superiority. "Bear weather," they call it. A Midwesterner's notion of comfort is plainly more profound than climate, and it is his wisdom that few towns are as provincial as the ones that fancy themselves cosmopolitan. Chicago has no problem with newspaper headlines as dispassionate as GO BEARS!

The past draws the country too. For the Bears are the past. Their lineage goes back to the running boards on the very Hupmobile in that Canton, Ohio, auto showroom where the American Professional Football Association and the Decatur Staleys were concocted in 1920. George Halas did most of the talking. The A.P.F.A. soon became the N.F.L., and the Decatur franchise, originally a sales tool for a starch manufacturer named Staley, shifted to Chicago in the custody of the amazing Halas. It might be an exaggera-

tion to say that the entire fabric of sport was sewn in this singular man, but it is a fact that Halas shared one field with Jim Thorpe and yielded another to Babe Ruth. He was a most valuable player in the 1919 Rose Bowl and for a moment a rightfielder with the New York Yankees, but indelibly he was Papa Bear.

When players were players and even agents were agents, the Bears had Red Grange and Cash & Carry Pyle. Oth-

evaporated for good. If 1963 reached back to 1946 for inspiration, Halas reached back to 1963 for Mike Ditka.

In one of his last brisk assertions before he died in 1983 at the age of 88, Halas retrieved his old tight end from Tom Landry's coaching staff in Dallas and charged Ditka with restoring a mood. When he was a player, Ditka's style had been to pin teammates on the locker-room wall if they neglected to meet his standards. As a coach, he is hard on the furniture. "When the players walked in the first day," recalls Payton, "Mike was standing there with his arms folded. He nodded to [Assistant] Ted Plumb, who started calling roll. I thought, 'We're in the Army now.'" Ditka, 46, is from Aliquippa, Pa., and his people are from the Ukraine, Nagurski stock. A Canadian who has lived most of his rich life just across a frozen lake in Minnesota, Bronko, 77, once claimed to have no personal knowledge of summer. That's the Bear toughness. "Some teams are named Smith," Ditka says. "Some are named Grabowski." He bends his mustache into a snarling smile. "We're the Grabowskis."

Even Payton, the teddy bear whose cloying nickname is "Sweetness," counts himself among the brutes. When Payton passed Jim Brown last season to become the leading rusher in league history (14,860 yds. to date), Brown gave him a blessing that the proud Cleveland runner would have withheld from Pittsburgh's Franco Harris. "Payton is a gladiator," he said. "Walter follows the code." Brown was a better runner; so was Sayers. But for running, blocking, throwing passes and catching them, Payton is all-around the most productive football player of the two-platoon era. "For most of his career, teams have been able to key on him alone," notes Defensive Tackle John Dutton of the Dallas Cowboys, "and still no one has stopped him." Matt Suhey, Payton's current backfield mate, figures that "the best ground-gaining combination of all time is Walter Payton and any other running back."

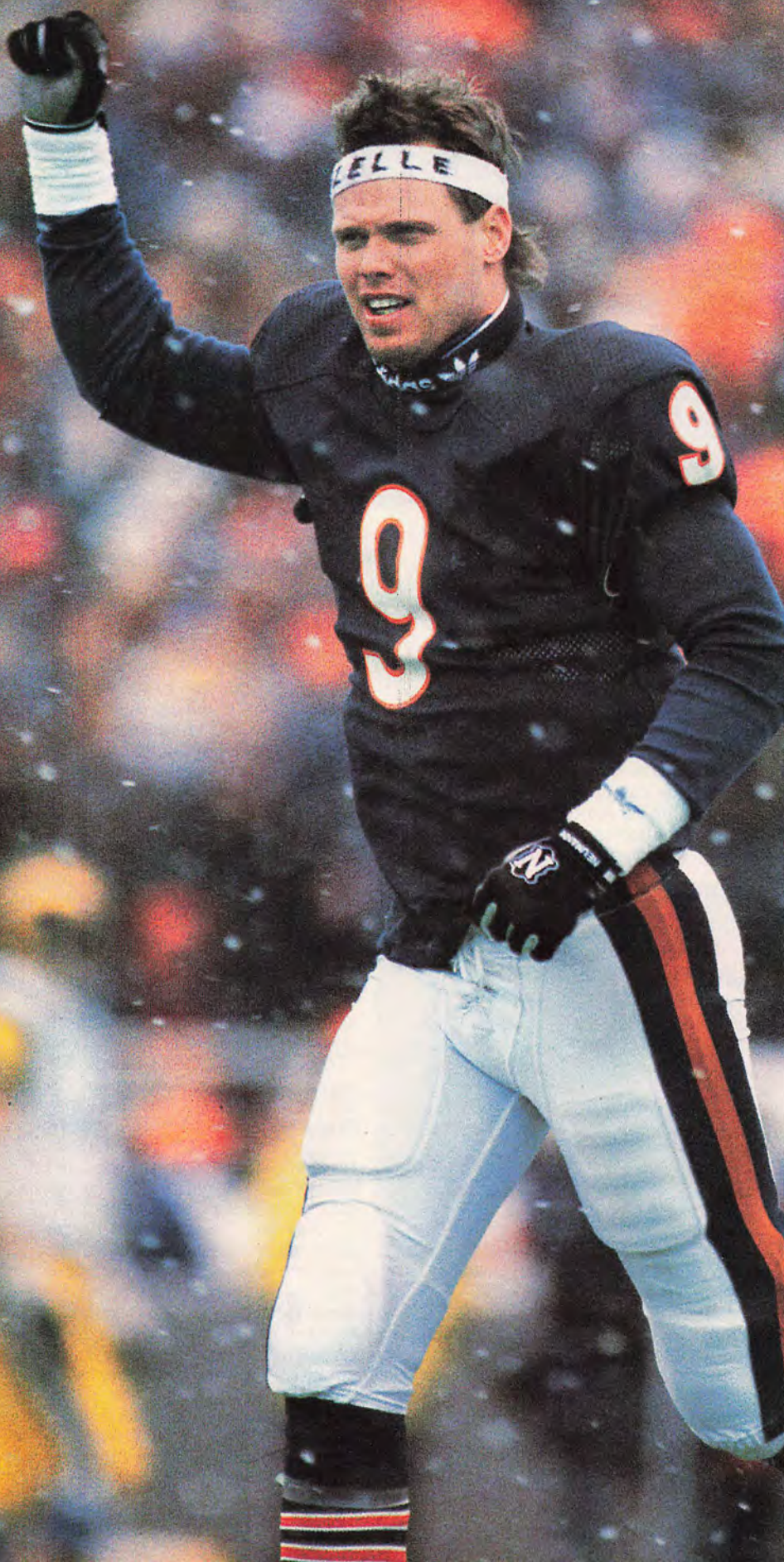
How Payton has endured these eleven seasons, physically and spiritually, still so near to the top of his game, is more than a



Payton on top of "the Refrigerator," the Rams and the world  
*This space for rent: headbands by McMahon.*

er names are like trumpets sounding. Bronko Nagurski. Bulldog Turner. George McAfee. Sid Luckman. (If you'll pardon a sentimental addition, Willie Galimore. He even sounded like running.) Later: Gale Sayers and Dick Butkus. People say the Bears are 22 seasons between championships, but 1963 was so momentary and illusory that it seemed more of a flashback than a turnaround, a memory of glory in the midst of a 40-year desperation that, almost no matter what happens in New Orleans this Sunday, has probably





wonder. He logged a record nine straight 100-yd. running games this season and led the team in receptions. After Chicago thrashed the Los Angeles Rams, 24-0, to take the National Conference championship, one Bear after another stopped by Payton's locker just to touch him. "Eleven years of climbing that mountain," he sighed, speaking not altogether figuratively. As the boy once ran the hot sandbanks by the Pearl River close to his home in Columbia, Miss., the man has made a training device of a black dirt hill near suburban Arlington Heights. "I have to work harder every year," he says. "Let's put it this way, when I first started playing football, I didn't use as much adhesive tape as I use now." So at least two months before each season, his regimen begins.

Always he tests himself against youth, most recently in the person of an indefatigable Indiana University football player named Kevin Kelly, 20. "My goal was to make him drop," says Payton, 31, who gauges the hill's angle and rise at about 45° and 50 ft. "Ever jog up 25 flights of stairs? It burns. Your legs, your buttocks, your back, your chest, your stomach—everything wants to leave you." Then, Payton smiles, young Kelly asks him, "Ready to go again?" But more telling than Payton's muscular capability for playing this game is his emotional capacity for enjoying it. "He's a man-child, a grown-up kid," says Safety Gary Fencik, a ten-year observer. "He's always out there throwing and kicking. I've never known anyone who likes to play outdoors so much. It's not even football. I used to worry that he'd get hurt. I used to pray every night. But he's got a frame that just seems invincible." A frame of mind?

**T**he analogy of a child is helpful in discerning Payton, who has the smile and voice of a choirboy. Always Walter, never Walt or Wally. His given middle name is Jerry, though, not Jerome, as if the diminutive has always been right there just below the surface. Even his signature, a high-stepping kick in the open field, is a remnant from the first grade. "After school the teachers would line us up and escort us to the edge of campus. Everyone moved so slow. I didn't know why I had to stop." When he finally broke free of authority, Payton kicked loose in a burst of unremitting joy. At seven he received a present of a set of drums, and absently now he turns almost everything before him into percussion instruments, including linebackers. Payton is fond of the phrase, "Tomorrow is not promised to anyone," but repeats it without conviction. Delivering his annual retirement estimate of "two more years," he betrays no real sense of mortality. Back in the worst days, whenever the Bears were out of the running, all there was left to do was watch Payton run. Well, he is not the whole offense anymore, but he is going to the Super Bowl.

While Ditka attempts to hold on

**Superflake McMahon's turn to growl**





PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5

**Linebacker Wilber Marshall becomes the 23rd Bear and tenth member of the defense to score a touchdown this season**

somewhat, the football is now fundamentally the property of that idiosyncratic punk rocker or just rocker or just punk McMahon, who favors red spandex tights and wraparound sunglasses with checkerboard panes. He puts nobody in mind of Sid Luckman. Trying to unknot the lace on his toy holster with a fork, McMahon stabbed himself in the eye at six, and the little buckaroo has been jabbing conventions all the 20 years since. Emphatically a non-Mormon at Brigham Young University, he set records for scandalizing Provo that will never be broken. Stashed away his junior year as an accommodation to Marc Wilson, McMahon now says of the Los Angeles quarterback, "He's not a bad player. He just doesn't belong with the Raiders. He belongs with Dallas, where everybody's Goody Two-shoes." New Orleans has not batted down for such a visitor since Jean Lafitte.

McMahon's relationship with Ditka recalls Halas' trials 30 years ago with Doug Atkins, the prototype of the freethinking Bear as well as the only player who ever outcussed the old man. "He was undoubtedly the greatest defensive end in football," Halas explained later. "You're not going to throw a championship out the window trying to discipline a guy like that." At one point this season there was some question whether Ditka and McMahon were even talking. "That's ridiculous," Ditka said. "Just the other day I told him on the sidelines, 'Shut up.'" But when the Rams game fell on a blowy day at Soldier Field, Ditka trusted McMahon to come out throwing to his breezy receivers like Willie Gault, the track star, and Dennis McKinnon, the football player. On the other hand, when Ditka dis-

patched a draw play in the third quarter, McMahon snorted and whipped a touchdown pass to Gault. Los Angeles Coach John Robinson said he "played like a great quarterback today. He had presence and command." Now, there's a slogan for a headband.

The other Bears think he handles himself like a defensive player, a high compliment in Chicago, for this is eternally a defensive team. Ditka's shutout department is run independently by a straight-talking old ramrod named Buddy Ryan, an Oklahoman partial to cowboy boots and farm hats that say HORIZON

one of them that knows what the hell he's doing," Ryan says.

Consider the formative years of Middle Linebacker Mike Singletary, the team's conscience. He is now the hub of the "46" defense (retired Kamikaze Doug Plank's old jersey number, a monument to mayhem). However, during Singletary's rookie season in 1981, Ryan summarily yanked him in favor of an experienced hand of meager skills. After a few minutes on the sidelines, the chastened player murmured to the distracted coach, "I know what I did wrong now. Should I go back in?" Ryan looked at him as if unable to recall who he was. "What? No, no, son. We're going to try to win this game." Singletary appears strangely civilized out of uniform, which is more than Tackle Steve McMichael and End Dan Hampton can say. Most of his statements are as direct as a third-and-one collision with battering Ram Eric Dickerson. "To be honest, I didn't like Buddy very much at first, but there's nothing I wouldn't do for him now. When he comes up to you and says, 'I guess I had you wrong. I really thought you could do the job,' you like to die. I'm not playing for my family or Chicago, but for him."

Next to the fact that 23 different Bears have scored touchdowns this year, the most outlandish statistic is that ten of them were playing defense. Considering that no team had ever marched unscored upon through the playoffs before, it takes some nerve for the Bears to insist that they were even better defensively last year. Besides nerve, they also have evidence. The Pro Bowl safety Todd Bell and the splendid linebacker Al Harris held out for more money this season and have missed the entire festival.



**Halas reached back to 1963 for an old style and Ditka**  
*"Some are Smiths. We're Grabowskis."*

SEEDS. In an era when most coaches feel obliged to soothe the players' psyches, Ryan is a link to the past. He took one wide look at "the Refrigerator" last summer and declared the Clemson first rounder to be "a wasted draft choice." But this was not an unusual introduction for a Bear rookie. "That's because there ain't



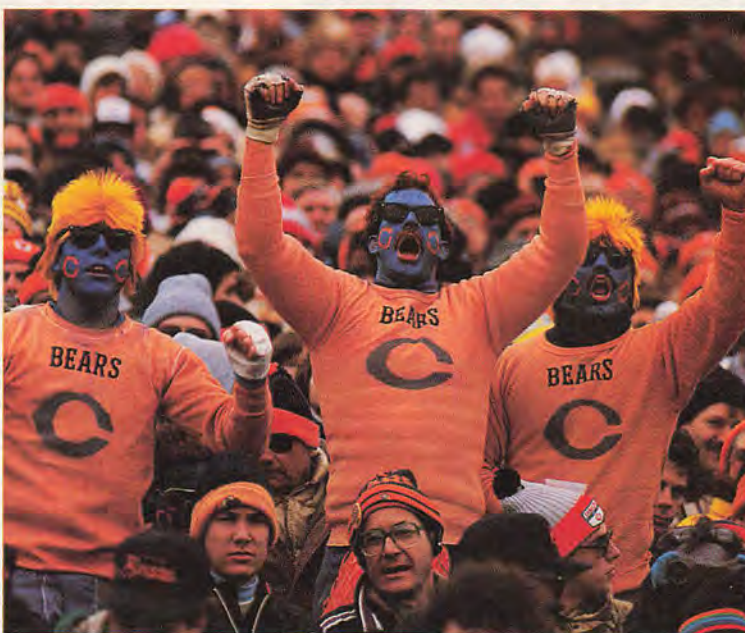
## Sport

Richard Dent, a particularly wanton defensive end, chose to work while he grumbled. Dent threatened to forgo the Super Bowl, but backed down when Ditka seemed inclined to play the game anyway. "I'm sick for Todd Bell," says Fencik. "He's the best safety I've ever played with. It's not just a matter of losing two players' talents. It's a matter of—hey, they're part of us."

Fencik, 31, is a Yalie with a taste for administering concussions, one of merely 15 Ivy Leaguers in the N.F.L. "When you don't go to school on an athletic scholarship," he says, "there's a special pleasure in playing college football. It's something you're doing sort of for free, almost for fun, no strings attached. Also, you have a little different perspective on other things you want to achieve—like getting an education. There are a lot of guys walking around the N.F.L. with certificates of attendance." He is more startled by the number of Bears walking around with no bad memories. "Do you know, over half of these players have never been on a losing Bear team?"

Among them, of course, William Perry, 23, the least accomplished member of the defense, the least essential attachment to the offense, the most famous football player in the world. "I thought I'd just come in and play behind the All-Pros," reflects the Bears' 6-ft. 2-in., 304-lb. regular defensive tackle and part-time running back. "You know, play a little short-yardage defense, some special teams, make a few tackles hopefully. But to end up on offense and stuff, scoring touchdowns and everything, being on a team that's 17 and 1 too. It's just a lucky time." A lucky time. "Big Will," laughs McMichael lightly, delightedly. If any teammates begrudge Perry his windfall, they have been discreet. "When he first got into the defense, I'd have to tell him every place to go. We'd make the call in the huddle—break!—and he'd look right at me. Big Will."

Coach Ryan says, "He's improving, but he's got to lose some more weight. If he reports in shape next year, he could be a player. Otherwise, write him off." That would



Chicago's unreasonable climate can make its citizens blue in the face

be terribly hard now. As much or as little as Perry is, he personally never claimed to be anything more. This may have been his dignity and surely was his grace. "The Perry thing, as much as anything," Ditka says, "made people think, 'Hey, these guys are having fun.' It was kind of flukish, the way it happened." If the Perry thing gave a sort of melancholy life to that smoky old carnival bark, "Monsters of the Midway," the Perry person made the mood of the sideshow bright. "Everything has been a thrill to me," whistles this cheerful man through his vented smile. "The whole season. It's funny to see me doing TV commercials. My wife and I sometimes look over at each other and

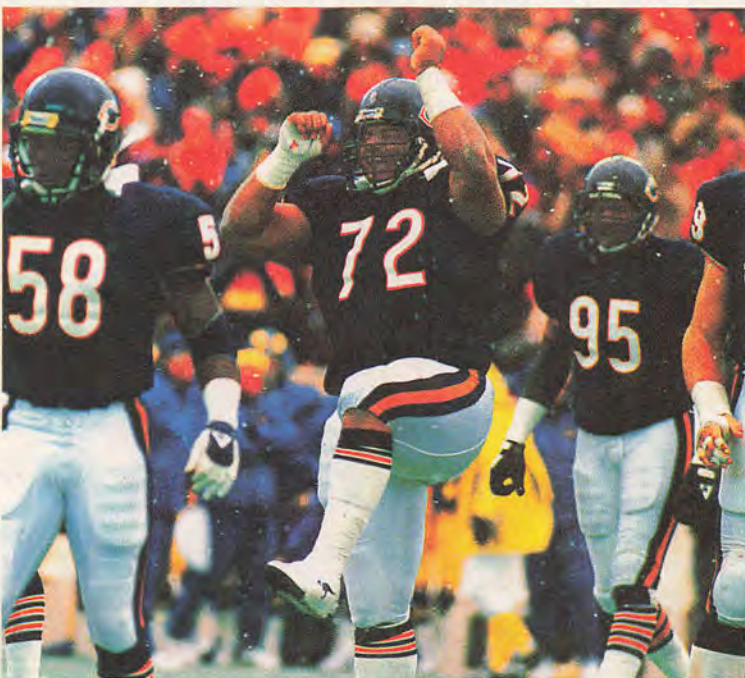
just laugh. One day somebody won't ask you for your autograph. You won't be on TV, and that'll be O.K. too."

In the meantime, *The Super Bowl Shuffle*, an outrageous brag-and-stomp recording for charity, has gone gold in Chicago. The Loop has gone more than a little loopy. Two weeks ago, TV viewers in the maternity ward were trying to time their contractions to deliver at halftime. And now "nickel defense" bottles are appearing in storefronts as the public chips in to defray Linebacker Wilber Marshall's \$2,000 fine for excessive on-field violence and McMahon's \$5,000 penalty for advertising sporting goods on his forehead. (Last week he donated his headband space to Commissioner

Pete Rozelle in tribute.) On its editorial page, the *Tribune* tried to explain to overwhelmed out-of-towners that "the Bears have just reversed Chicago's feeling that it was somehow a city on the slide, a city of rusting smokestack industry, of violence and perpetual political scandal." Clearly, "only someone who has lived in the Snowbelt in January can understand what the Bears have done to Chicago. They have given us something to hope and cheer for in January, the time when ordinarily that bleak post-holiday depression sets in, and all we have to look forward to are subzero temperatures, blizzards and watching our cars rust. This January, cabin fever has been replaced by Bears fever."

New England is in roughly the same throes. Though the Bears hoped to avenge their only loss against the Miami Dolphins, the Patriots are the more seemly opponents. For the 20th Super Bowl, fresh new teams are a sound idea. Chicago defeated New England last September, 20-7, but the Bears should be reminded that three weeks before they edged the Washington Redskins in the 1940 championship game, 73-0, the Redskins clobbered them, 7-3. As if bracing himself against an old despair, Payton says, "The worst thing in the world is to reach for a star and fall short." Whoever wins the Super Bowl, how could anyone fall short now?

—By Tom Callahan



A dancing Bear of some renown does *The Super Bowl Shuffle* all over town

"Everything has been a thrill," says Perry. "It's funny to see me on TV."



# A Sudden Flash of Patriotism

*Berry and New England carry each other to the top*



While emotions in Chicago have been gathering force all season, the elation in Boston and environs qualifies as a flash fever. Only a little more than a month ago, goodness had been confirmed, but greatness was still unsuspected by even the most exuberant of the Patriots' worn and wistful constituency. As recently as last year, this was a fifth-place team behind the Boston Celtics, Red Sox, Bruins and Fluties. At least a modern Super Bowl record must have collapsed when, in contrast to the Chicago lottery, the Patriots were able to accommodate every season-ticket holder (count them, 7,500) with two ducats apiece for the big game. Twelve hundred and fifty people demurred.

Like a storybook character, the humblest wild-card team followed the thorniest of all the play-off routes, a treacherous path that wound through New Jersey (the Jets) and Los Angeles (the Raiders) before coming out at Miami's impregnable Orange Bowl. Since 1966, the Pats had opposed the Dolphins there 18 times and won exactly never. Coach Don Shula's division champions split two games with New England this season, home and away, but the third try turned out to be charming (and emphatic, 31-14). "I feel like *Alice in Wonderland* was a true story, like I'm inside a wonderful fantasy," said American Football League Pioneer Billy Sullivan, who is entangled in a legal quarrel with minority stockholders and has had to tag his precious team for sale.

The Patriots have not ascended to a final championship game since the premerger season of 1963, when they lost to San Diego, 51-10. That was the year Chicago last claimed the National Football League championship. Though a lopsided score is conceivable again, the Bears would be wise not to dismiss Patriot Tackle Brian Holloway's contention, "We have some magic." No one could mistake its source: Coach Raymond Berry, 52. Capping his first full season on the job, the legendary Baltimore Colt pass catcher was hoisted jubilantly aboard his players' shoulders and given an extended ride about the stadium such as no pro and few college coaches or even matadors have ever enjoyed. "They did carry me off the field, didn't they?" Berry said later in the self-effacing manner he brought to the National Football League 31 years ago from Paris, Texas. "I was floating already anyway."

Back when Berry was the favorite receiver of Johnny Unitas and just about everyone else, his attention to minute detail was as much a part of his lore as the one leg shorter than the other or the feeble vision and sensitivity to light that sometimes required him to wear the only football helmet ever equipped with sunglasses. On the road, Berry actually carried his own bathroom scale to be sure of a consistent read-



"Floating already anyway," Berry is borne aloft in Miami

ing. If he played best at 182 lbs., he did not intend to be 181 or 183. Unitas still marvels at the diving catches Berry insisted on rehearsing without much concern for the skin on his elbows and knees. When no passer was handy, Berry's habit was to run phantom patterns over and over, pausing now and then to consult the file of index cards he kept with him on the sidelines in a cigar box.

At first the Patriots thought his fumble-recovery drill a trifle too eccentric. How many ways can there be to fall on a football? And when does anyone ever have time to think of them? Hiding one ball under stacks of tackling dummies

(the princess and the pea), Berry would loose two players at a time to roll around in the mattresses until one of them came up with it. If this seems a hilarious way to practice for a football game, consider the fact that the Patriots have recovered opponents' fumbles a bountiful 33 times this season, nine in the three playoff games and four against the Dolphins. They also practice causing them.

When New England lost three of the season's first five games, Berry somehow was able to tell the players that they were "right on schedule" without making it sound like an insult. None of them, not even the exquisite 13-year guard John Hannah, had ever before heard a coach say that he enjoyed watching them play. The season's first loss was to the Bears in Chicago, 20-7, when the Patriots' offense alighted no longer in Bear territory than it took Runner Craig James to complete a 90-yd. touchdown play. "We were still looking for an offensive identity then," says James, 25, who is seldom identified anymore as Eric Dickerson's running partner at Southern Methodist University. In the same way, economical Passer Tony Eason is losing his original handle as one of five quarterbacks drafted three years ago ahead of Dan Marino. Bulwarked by Linebackers Andre Tippett and Don Blackmon, the defense has never had to introduce itself.

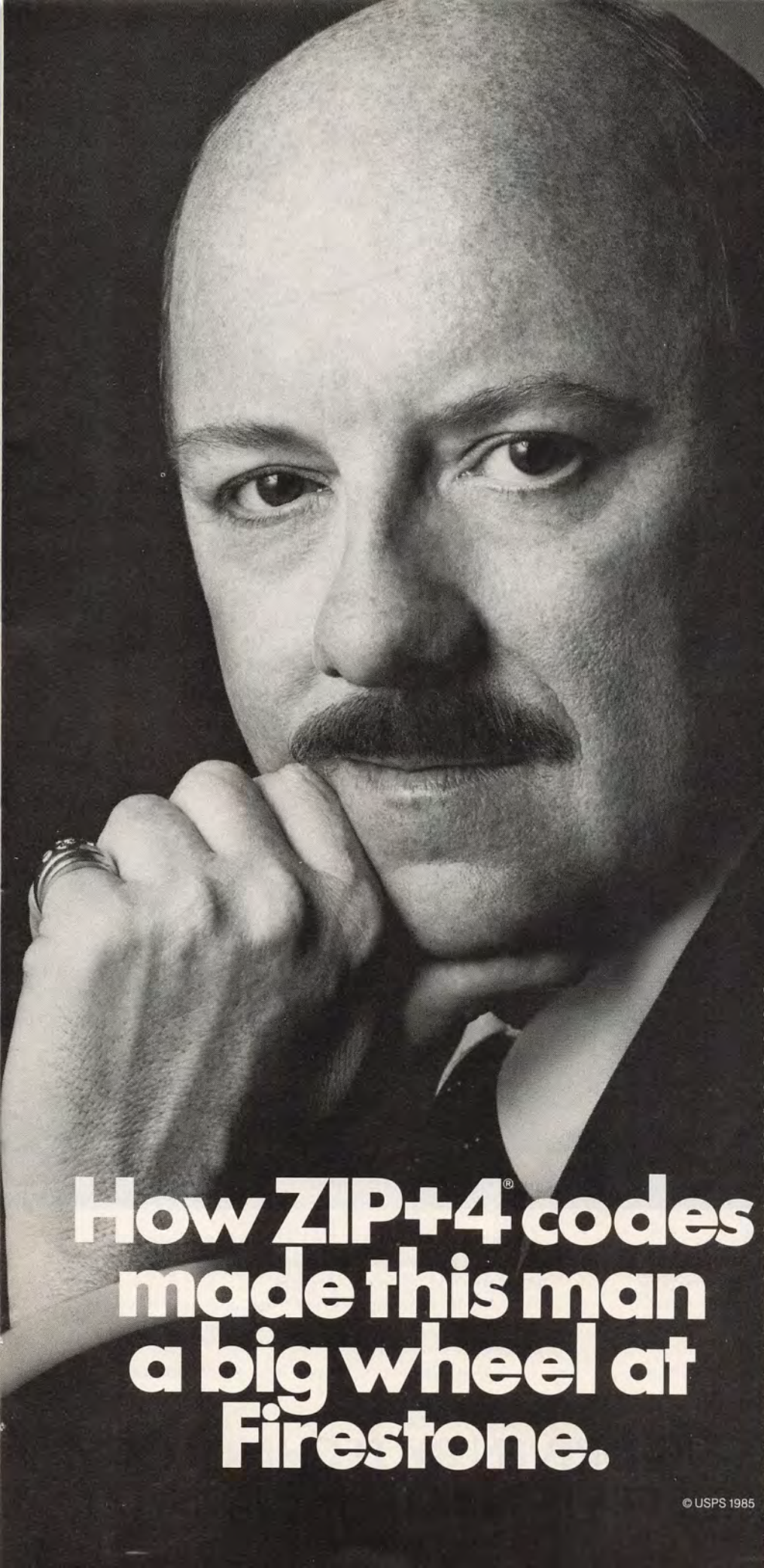
Off the field, the Patriots' postseason has not been peaceful. In Los Angeles, General Manager Pat Sullivan, 33, Billy's boy, watched the game from the sidelines while bullying Raider Defensive End Howie Long. Next, curiously and curiously, Sullivan confronted Long in the milling aftermath. Linebacker Matt Millen dusted him off with a helmet, and Sullivan was restricted to the stands at Miami. In a sadder episode a couple of days later, young Wide Receiver Irving Fryar, 23, the leading punt returner in the N.F.L., showed up with a severed tendon in the little finger of his right hand. At first he described it as a kitchen accident, but Fryar's pregnant wife followed him in bruises to the emergency room, and the team has acknowledged a domestic fight.

On the ground that the media attention might distract the team, the front office considered leaving Fryar home regardless of his physical availability. But once the doctor determined Fryar was able, and would not be risking further damage, the coach stepped in and said emphatically he's going. The Patriots are finally a team, and Berry still wants to keep the weight exact and intact. After the Miami upset, John Hannah could only say, "It's a miracle." Sure, like an unplanned-for catch on a skinned knee. —By Tom Callahan



When the offense is coming: James if by land, Eason if by air  
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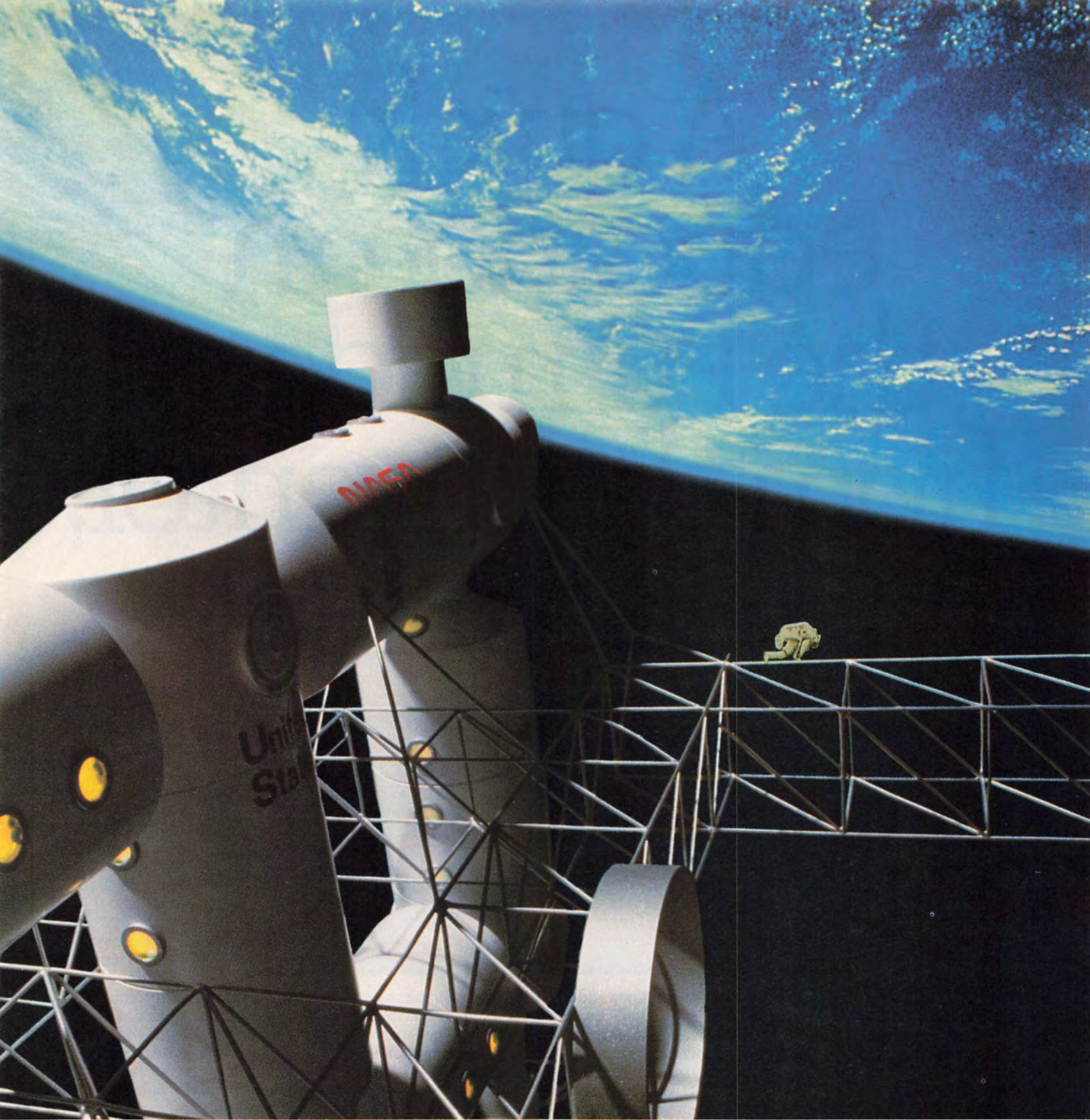
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# Life's Not a Bowl Of Any Single Thing

*Memories of 20 years gone by*

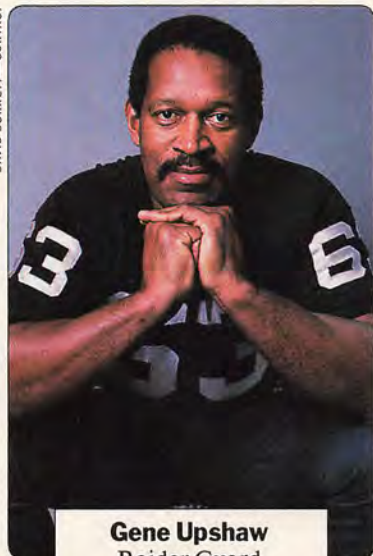


It is not called the Super Bowl because supermen play in it. The name struck Kansas City Chiefs Owner Lamar Hunt in the gentle course of watching one of his children at play with a resilient rubber ball. Super Ball. Super Bowl. But how resilient are the players? For two full decades now the buildup has grown, and grown, way past the point of overwhelming just the game. Over 100 million people have been counted in its audience and over \$1 million has been paid for a minute of their attention. Sometimes the contest seems the least of the spectacle, and the ball-playing children are easily forgotten. Here, as gathered by TIME Sport Writer Tom Callahan, is a revisiting: recollections grand and small. It is not a collection of dramatic war stories but a selection of corresponding jigsaw pieces, one from each game, the sum of which may suggest something of the human experience.

## II Green Bay Packers 33 Oakland Raiders 14

Starting as a rookie in 1968, the guard Gene Upshaw would sample a Raider Super Bowl in every decade. "Like crawling, walking and running," says the current executive director of the Players Association. "Remember, the first four games were called the A.F.L.-N.F.L. World Championship. The A.F.L.ers wondered if it was going to last." Just for playing in the Super Bowl, the Raiders received rings, but Receiver Fred Biletnikoff took to calling them losers' rings, and the name stuck. Upshaw, 40, says, "To tell you the truth, I don't even know where mine is." He had once dreamed of playing for the Green Bay Packers, of leading the famed Packer sweep. "After we lost, I went over to their dressing room and sat down next to the great tackle Henry Jordan." Jordan predicted that Upshaw would be back for a number of title games and advised him to savor them. "After my '80s Super Bowl, I had two seasons left. For some reason, I couldn't leave the dressing room. I was the last player there. The attendants were cleaning up. I guess I was holding on to it, like Jordan said. Holding on as long as I could."

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT



**Gene Upshaw**  
Raider Guard

## I Green Bay Packers 35 Kansas City Chiefs 10

"If I'd known it was going to get this big, I'd have kept the football," says Packer Receiver Max McGee, 53, who scored the first super touchdown after staying out all night entertaining "a very nice girl from Chicago." He never expected to play. "I was over the hill." But Boyd Dowler fell injured, "and the next thing I knew Bart Starr was audibling a quick little

JAMES DRAKE



**Max McGee**  
Packer Receiver

post pattern, my wake-up call. I had a philosophy: quarterbacks making \$100,000 shouldn't throw passes behind receivers making \$30,000. So, trying not to get killed, I reached back to knock the ball down, and somehow the point just hit me in the palm and stuck." Retired within a year, McGee opened a Mexican restaurant, Chi-Chi's, which multiplied into franchises. His worth now is measured in the tens of millions of dollars, and racehorses in which he once invested pari-mutually are now his pets. "I got lucky," he says.

## III New York Jets 16 Baltimore Colts 7

Being a former Colt, one who left Baltimore on mean terms, Jet Cornerback Johnny Sample pressed a personal grudge and won a private Super Bowl, but he lost something too. Sample recalls, "At one point I jumped on [Colts Running Back] Tom Matte out of bounds. He didn't do much after that." Another time, "momentum carried me into the Colts' bench and I got slugged with six or seven helmets." Other raps were to come. Not surprisingly, football had nothing for him after his playing career ended within a year. "I'd hoped to coach," says Sample, 48,

"but the only letter I could bring myself to write wasn't answered." In 1972 a federal court convicted him of check fraud, and he served 366 days in prison. At Allentown, Pa., "not a jail, a summer camp," Sample realized how much he "needed to be connected somehow" with sports. "I never played tennis before I retired, but I played there every day." Now Sample is a tennis linesman at tournaments like the U.S. Open and last week's Masters in New York. As he puts it, "I'm back in the game," this time on the side of the rules.

DRAKE



**Johnny Sample**  
Jet Cornerback



## IV Kansas City Chiefs 23 Minnesota Vikings 7

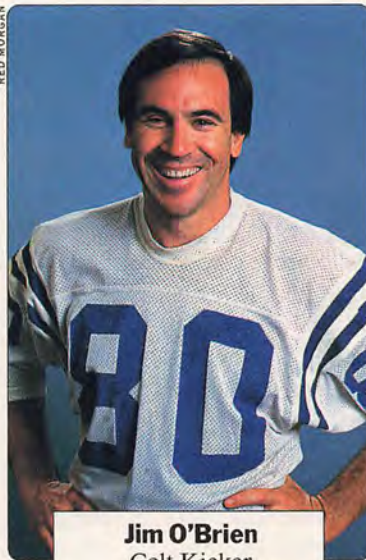
"Look at Kassulke running around," Kansas City Chiefs Coach Hank Stram gloated in a famous film of the runaway. "It looks like a Chinese fire drill." About 3½ years later, a motorcycle accident paralyzed Karl Kassulke's legs. Recalling only that the Chiefs had an intricate offense, he says, "Certain memories have been lost, but I've got my normal thinking back," and he has been "fending very well in a wheelchair." Able to drive a special car, Kassulke, 44, works for Broken Wing, a Christian outreach to the handicapped. He teaches the various transferring techniques, such as from wheelchair to bed. "And did you know I married my nurse?" As a matter of fact, they have a son who is six. "When you marry your nurse," he says, "life is complete." In and out of a coma for weeks after the crash, Kassulke guesses he borrowed on something learned in football that he is trading on still. "I knew how to take things in stride, how to size up the competition, how to fight back, I guess. You don't just throw in the towel if you lose the Super Bowl."



**Karl Kassulke**  
Viking Safety

## V Baltimore Colts 16 Dallas Cowboys 13

With five seconds to go in the game, and only two years left in his football career, a 23-year-old boy kicked a 32-yd. field goal that won a Super Bowl. "What do you do after you've won the Super Bowl?" Jim O'Brien asked himself, and there was no answer. "I was single," he says, "and I was immature. I did some dumb things." He got into a barroom fight, and a bottle in the face cost him some of the vision in one eye. "That's my badge of stupidity." It took a few years, but with the help of a



**Jim O'Brien**  
Colt Kicker

wife, O'Brien eventually found a life in construction management (making inventions on the side, none as yet patented). "I'm 38 now, and I've finally figured it out. The thing about Americans is, we have no heroes of substance, only athletes and movie stars. The inventors, the cancer-cure finders, are in the real game. It could have been better for me if I had never made that kick. I'd have been more serious. But practicing every day as a kid, I always dreamed of the last-second field goal to win the biggest game in the world, and there it was."

## VI Dallas Cowboys 24 Miami Dolphins 3

Dallas Runner Duane Thomas thought of the movies, but the Super Bowl's Garbo made it only as far as a momentary job in microfilm at 20th Century-Fox. "I may not be a movie star," says the leading rusher of Super Bowl VI. "But I'm a moving star." A number of sales positions have gone by, and for the past six months he has been selling medical supplies to hospitals. Imagining Thomas a spieler is a little startling. "Oh, I've always been able to communicate. It's just that football is a nonverbal communication. Anything I believe in

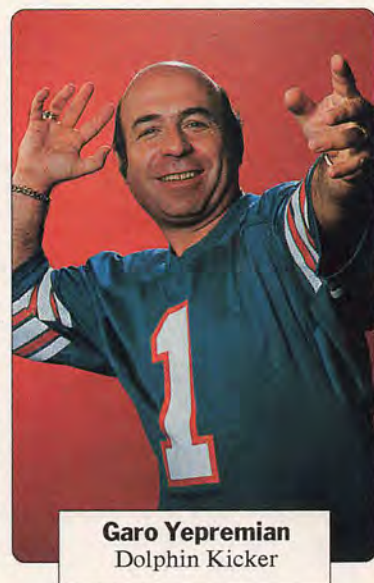


**Duane Thomas**  
Cowboy Running Back

wholeheartedly, I can get across." His famed iconoclasm on the Super Bowl—"If this is the ultimate game, why is there another one next year?"—still suits him. "I've always had this certain character," says Thomas, 38. "The motto at my high school was 'You pay your debts to the past by putting your future in debt to yourself.' Even in college I'd audible to the quarterback if I didn't agree with the play. I know it's been hard for people to accept the way I am. It's been hard for me to accept being this way. But I have to be myself."

## VII Miami Dolphins 14 Washington Redskins 7

The little Cypriot necktie maker and tie-score breaker, Garo Yepremian, 41, completed (in a manner of speaking) the only pass he ever attempted, for a touchdown at that, in a Super Bowl of all places, to the other team, alas. "One pass, can you imagine?" he says. "Some guys throw 50 a week and are never remembered by anyone." Six years before, Yepremian had kicked off for the Detroit Lions in the first American game he ever saw. But by the climax of his second Super Bowl he had mastered the nuances. As Miami sought to clinch its undefeated season with two minutes left, Washington bounced Yepremian's 41-yd. field goal attempt right back to him, and Garo knew what he had to do. He still damns the fates: "If only I wasn't left-footed and right-handed." For days after the disaster, Yepremian felt like "an outcast." Then, one day, "a letter arrived from Coach Shula full of all the good things I'd done. I still take it out and read it sometimes. Besides fooling around with ties, I'm doing promotions. There are other Super Bowls to achieve. I can throw a mean pass now."



**Garo Yepremian**  
Dolphin Kicker



## VIII Miami Dolphins 24 Minnesota Vikings 7

When you ask for Mercury Morris, a correctional officer says, "You mean 'Euu-Geene' Morris," which is O.K. with the Dolphins' lost runner. "Mercury did the crime," says Morris, 39. "Gene is doing the time." For the past four years, "one day at a time"; for the past three months, Thursday to Thursday. Like football scores, appellate results are posted weekly, and Morris is full of hope again that the mandatory will be removed from his 15-to-20-year cocaine sentence. His humor is intact.

He can smile at the memory of being singled out in front of everyone as someone who would never be singled out. No pictures in old jerseys for Merc, who must always be in uniform now. Wistfully he says, "A prison is lit up like a stadium, and sometimes it even sounds like a football game. Every team has fans in here, and the countdown to the Super Bowl is amazing. For a 4 o'clock game they start staking spots at the TV around 11." Morris waits for the kickoff and springs to the telephone. "That's when the line is the shortest."



**Mercury Morris**  
Dolphin Running Back

## IX Pittsburgh Steelers 16 Minnesota Vikings 6

Back on the final day of the 1969 season, at Tulane Stadium in New Orleans, the Pittsburgh Steelers lost their 13th straight game for Rookie Coach Chuck Noll, who predicted a few of them "would soon be getting on with their life's work." Immediately Ray Mansfield, 44, a center and therefore a realist, started selling life insurance on the side. "We never have that one extreme moment of football glory," he says, "so offensive linemen are less afraid of living on." They receive on-the-job training in anonymity. A gathering of the heftiest Steelers watched the Super Bowl together that year, and at one point Mansfield gave voice to their unreasonable dream of someday playing in one. As it happened, they would play in four, starting back in Tulane Stadium at Super Bowl IX. "The few of us who spent half our Steeler careers with a hopeless bottom team gazed around that field at each other and at the younger players. They had no idea." The starving team from the starving town at the great banquet. "They had absolutely no idea."



**Ray Mansfield**  
Steeler Center

## X Pittsburgh Steelers 21 Dallas Cowboys 17

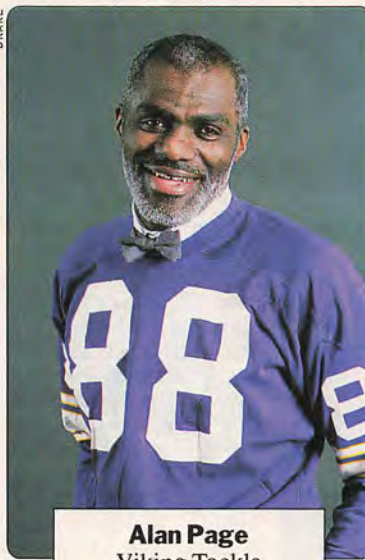
The oil business has been brutal this year. Sometimes the old Cowboy Cliff Harris, 37, misses "a defined field where flags are thrown." Then he smiles and remembers the singular instant of Super Bowl X, when, for mocking Roy Gere-la's missed field goal, he was body-slammed by Linebacker Jack Lambert. "In Dallas, logical thoughts were ingrained," Harris says, "emotional reactions discouraged. The funny thing is, you know how to play the best when you can no longer play at all. Even watching games now, the emotions of football flow through me, but I'm still in my mind a thinking football player. People around me boo and cheer and really don't understand." When no penalty befell Lambert, the Steelers soared, the Cowboys slumped. It struck Harris as a betrayal of ideals, and yet he was consolable later. "You have something to look forward to only if you do lose. After one that we won, I looked over at Charlie Waters and whispered, 'But whom do we play next?' When you win the Super Bowl—I hesitate to say it—you're depressed."



**Cliff Harris**  
Cowboy Safety

## XI Oakland Raiders 32 Minnesota Vikings 14

"I didn't like to lose," says Lawyer Alan Page, 40, a special assistant to the Minnesota attorney general, "but no one has ever explained to me how one loss blights a season." Sometimes, the worst thing to be in America is second best in the world. "It doesn't make much sense, does it?" He started four Super Bowls at defensive tackle and, ending with XI, lost every one. "Almost none of the specifics have stayed with me. In retrospect, the result really isn't all that important. The excitement is in the striving, not the attaining, going out and trying to perform, hopefully enjoying ourselves along the way." Page gives little thought to football now. "The things I learned there aren't very transferable. I suppose they shaped me, but I have never consciously drawn on them." Even the Super Bowl cannot call him back. "It doesn't particularly interest me. To some degree, it's inescapable for everyone, but I won't go out of my way to watch it. For a football player, I guess I'm not much of a football fan. To tell you the truth, I never quite understood the whole magic vision people see around sports."



**Alan Page**  
Viking Tackle



## XII Dallas Cowboys 27 Denver Broncos 10

For 17 pro seasons as an assistant coach, starting with the newborn Boston Patriots in 1960, Red Miller dreamed of his moment. He never dreamed it would last but a moment. In his careful, defensive way, the 49-year-old "rookie" head coach squired the Broncos to the Super Bowl as Denver's deprived fans painted the country a bright orange. "I walked out onto the field," Miller says, "and thought, 'I used to coach at Astoria High.'" Within three years he was available to Astoria again, but the U.S. Football League's Denver Gold hired him for his marketability. Sales boomed briefly, but within a year he was fired again. At 58, Miller has, in a phrase coaches use on cut day, "resumed life" as a Dean Witter stockbroker. Norris Weese, the Bronco quarterback who finished the Super Bowl, visited Miller's office recently, and the coach gave him a tour of the different-size cubicles. "Like coaching," Miller says, "it's just a matter of putting in more hours than anyone else. I want to win the stockbrokers' super bowl. Hell, yes."

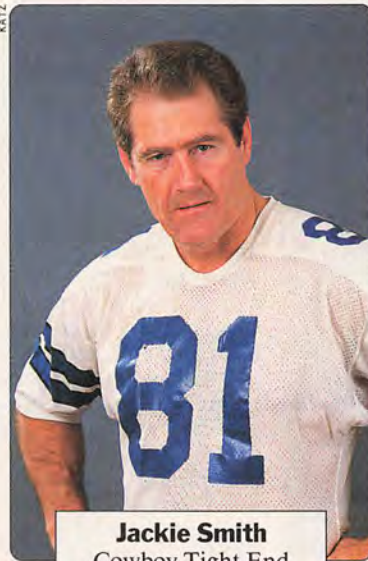


**Red Miller**  
Bronco Coach

## XIII Pittsburgh Steelers 35 Dallas Cowboys 31

He dropped the Super Bowl, smack in his hands, keeled over just like Charlie Brown and collapsed in the end zone forever. "Tough to handle," drawls Jackie Smith, 45, the great St. Louis tight end, coaxed from retirement by Dallas. "But it mellows." He produces fishing films now in rural Arkansas and misses big cities not at all. No tight ends are in the N.F.L. Hall of Fame, but one ought to be. "Sounds crazy, considering what happened," he says. "But I don't guess I ever enjoyed a

season so much. All those years in St. Louis, I never had time to reflect, and looking back after retirement, everything seemed so jammed together." When the Cowboys called, looking for an emergency replacement, Smith was 38. "I promise you, I was like some old boy in his living room thinking, 'Man, I'd like to be down there with the Dallas Cowboys.' Suddenly I was, and it came to me what a great gift it is to have the ability to play. I was given a little slot of time back to understand this. One pass can't take that away from me."

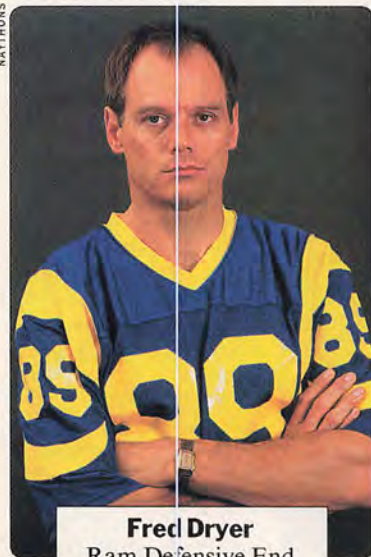


**Jackie Smith**  
Cowboy Tight End

## XIV Pittsburgh Steelers 31 Los Angeles Rams 19

Several years before the Rams reached the Super Bowl, Defensive End Fred Dryer and Teammate Lance Rentzel spoofed the famous hype by crashing the press box in the '20s guise of Front-Page Reporters Cubby O'Switzer and Scoops Brannigan. Each carried a "press" card in his cap and a \$50 bill in his kit for flashing at bellhops and other cheap purposes. "After that, I couldn't help but smile at the Super Bowl," says Dryer, 39, for whom acting has become a profession. He plays Police Detective Hunter on television. "When all the over-

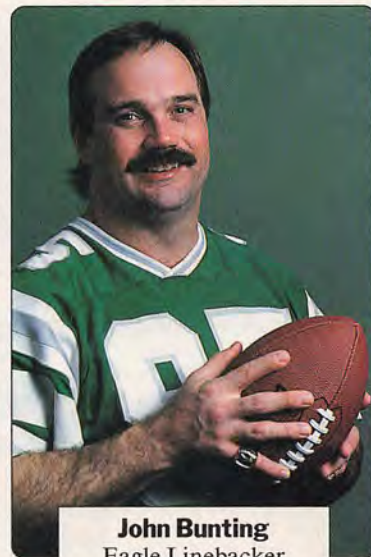
coaching, overpreparing and overwriting is done, the Super Bowl is a goddam game. We played well. I let the event in completely and enjoyed the whole thing tremendously. The loss was gone the second I walked out of the stadium." Vacating football was more complicated, like dropping a long-standing character. "To put it aside," says Dryer, "you almost have to give up the fact of who you were. I couldn't be an athlete in my mind the rest of my life, so I left the football player behind. Within a year, it was like I never played sports."



**Fred Dryer**  
Ram Defensive End

## XV Oakland Raiders 27 Philadelphia Eagles 10

Some say the 15th Super Bowl was the game that united the American and National conferences in a common cause against—nothing personal—the Philadelphia Eagles. "Even on picture day, we had to practice," recalls John Bunting, 35, an Eagle linebacker. "I remember the box lunch on the bus." Knowing that coaches mimic other coaches' success, the Raiders whispered among themselves about their duty to restrict Coach Dick Vermeil's military work habits to Philadelphia. "When we finally got on the field," Bunting says, "we were exhausted emotionally and physically. I was crushed for weeks." Released after eleven seasons, he moved to the U.S.F.L. and lost the championship game there too. But the Philadelphia Stars repeated the following year and this time won. "I thought of the Super Bowl," says Bunting, now a coach with the Baltimore Stars, "and I felt relieved, finished, fulfilled. No more risks to take. At half time, I'd taken an injection in the Achilles, and I was tired of that kind of pain. I sat there and cried."



**John Bunting**  
Eagle Linebacker



## XVI San Francisco 49ers 26 Cincinnati Bengals 21

When the 49ers cut Linebacker Dan Bunz last summer, fans tried to reimburse him for a goal-line stand. "They sent \$57 checks, my number," he says, "to go out to dinner." Head-on, he had tackled Cincinnati's Charles Alexander on a flat pass to the half-yard line with third down and the Super Bowl to go. "Maybe the replay is what's etched in my mind, but I felt so aware at the time, so keyed up and alive. For a mad second, I almost went for the ball. It was that perfect tackle I'd always

heard about." On fourth down, Alexander was only a convoy, but his hard look toward Bunz telegraphed that play too. "I broke my chin straps," says Bunz, 30. "My nose was bleeding. It was the highlight of my life." His wife Elizabeth, a dentist, had looked forward to having her husband's teeth off the line. On this season's first Sunday, she tried to settle him in front of the TV. "Calm down, you're not playing anymore." But by half time she surrendered softly. "If you can play, go play anywhere." In December he hooked on with Detroit.



**Dan Bunz**  
49er Linebacker

## XVII Washington Redskins 27 Miami Dolphins 17

For nine years in Miami, Tampa and Washington, Defensive Back Jeris White mysteriously shunned the press. No incident triggered his silence, no anger accompanied it. His off-season real estate career might have profited from celebrity, but he simply declined to think of himself as a football player. "Now that I've been out a few years," he says, "I guess I can say I was afraid for Jeris White. I was afraid of becoming enraptured, the way so many others bathe themselves in a false sense of reality.

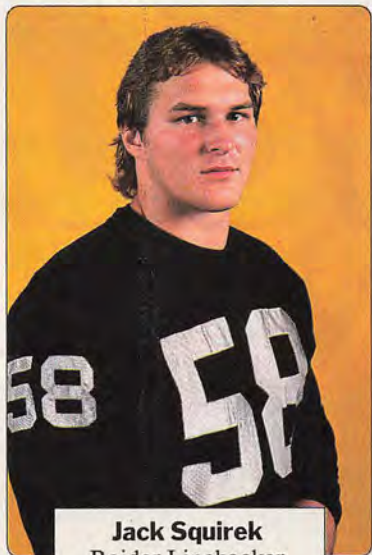
I wanted to be the steak, not the sizzle, and I knew that if I was to come out whole, I had to keep a separate identity. Jeris White, the person." Allowing for the customary withdrawal pangs, he seems to have made it. "I think you always ache a little," says White, 33, who played well in the Super Bowl but kept in the shadow of the stadium tunnel later while the other Redskins met the press. "My old Miami coaches passed by and said, 'Nice game, Jeris,' and I thought, 'Full circle.'" He held out the next year and never came back.



**Jeris White**  
Redskin Defensive Back

## XVIII Los Angeles Raiders 38 Washington Redskins 9

During the pregame buildup, Jack Squirek had all manner of attention lavished on him—by the University of Illinois student newspaper. "Then I intercepted that pass," he says, "and for one day I was famous." An assistant coach had a premonition: plucking the quickest young linebacker from the Raider bench, he inserted Squirek for a single down with instructions to ignore the zone defense and shadow little Runner Joe Washington. "Wasn't it about ten yards?" Squirek, 26, muses. "It happened so fast, I only remember being in the end zone. After the game, jeez, there were seventy, a hundred writers, all around me." But as he came from nowhere to score that touchdown, Squirek has returned there, to the Raider periphery. "I realize there's a lot of talent on the Raiders," he says, "but it's frustrating not to play. When you're a rookie, you're eager to do anything, but it's tougher to be a special-team player after you've had a taste of glory. Now I dream of just steady, uneventful play." Like Max McGee, Squirek forgot the ball, but the equipment men remembered. It's on his mantel.

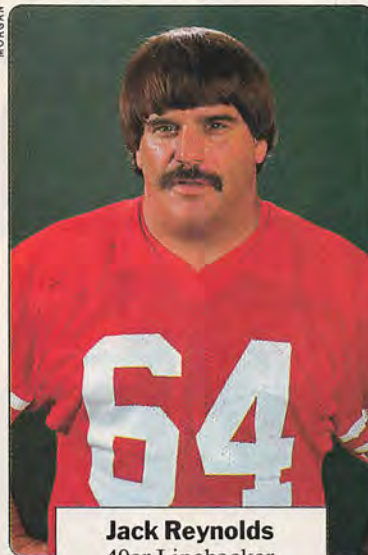


**Jack Squirek**  
Raider Linebacker

## XIX San Francisco 49ers 38 Miami Dolphins 16

For 15 seasons and three Super Bowls, Jack Reynolds seemed as much a coach as a player, a thinking man's linebacker armed with his own sideline chalkboard. "I liked the strategy, the military part," he says. "Right flank, left flank. The offenses tap-tap-tapping, the defenses deploying their troops. It's a war. It's a con game too." But old soldiers fade away, and Reynolds, 38, should have read retirement into the mere three downs he staffed last Super Sunday. "Just the opening play of the game," as he recalls, and two others early

on. "The bottom line is you're a team player. If you win, there's enough for everybody." Old Hacksaw had to be cashed as a player, and to the 49ers' surprise, could not stay on as a coach. For now, he is making a living being Hacksaw in old jocks' commercials on TV. "I felt uneasy watching others do things I could do better, and uncomfortable teaching them. It's hard to put into words, but it was like being pulled apart from within, like I had killed myself for 15 years and was finally dying." Ray Mansfield's phrase is better: living on.



**Jack Reynolds**  
49er Linebacker



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## Dateline: Aboard the Shuttle

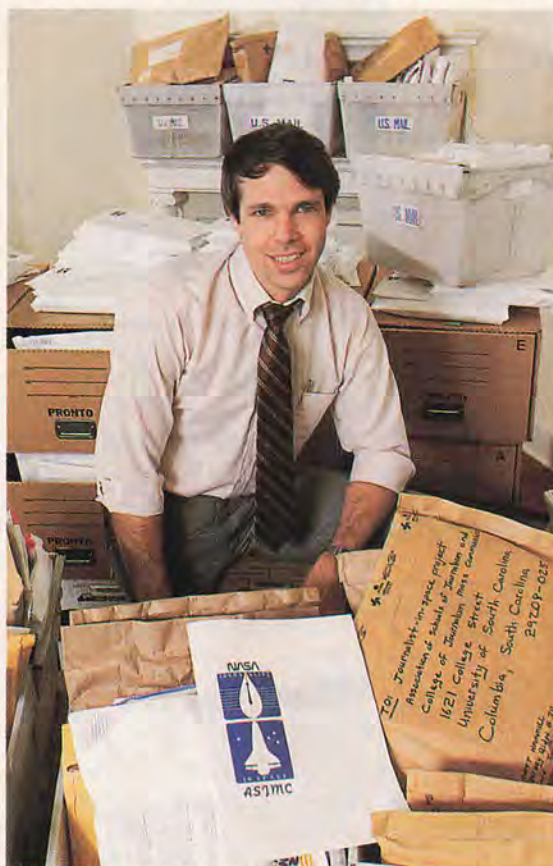
*The nation's journalists compete to cover a far-out story*

**J**ournalists across the country scrambled to meet a deadline last week, but not for a story about terrorists or politics. This deadline was for a loftier assignment. Their application forms for NASA's Journalist-in-Space Project had to be postmarked Jan. 15 at the latest to be considered in the competition that will place a writer, editor, broadcaster, photojournalist or even cartoonist on a space-shuttle mission perhaps as early as this fall. The chosen one will join a select group of spacegoing civilians, including Republican Senator Jake Garn of Utah, who flew on *Discovery* last April; Democratic Congressman Bill Nelson of Florida, who went along on last week's much delayed mission of *Columbia*; and Social Studies Teacher Sharon Christa McAuliffe, picked from 11,400 educators in a similar competition last year, who will lift off at the end of this week aboard *Challenger*.

True to the unstated bylaws of their trade, more than half of the thousand or so journalists who submitted their twelve-page application forms did so at the last possible moment. "We have applications from editorial writers, columnists, talk-show hosts, a music writer, photographers and sports reporters," said Project Public Affairs Coordinator Jack Bass as he and Project Director Eric Johnson waded through the deluge of last-minute entries. Some 5,500 forms had been requested and sent out since Dec. 1 by the Association of Schools of Journalism and Mass Communication, which is coordinating the selection process. But on deadline day, reporters were still calling ASJMC headquarters at the University of South Carolina, in Columbia, to see if their applications would be accepted.

Competition for the journalist's berth is fierce. Although ASJMC would not reveal the names of any applicants, those vying to become the first reporter in space were rumored to include NBC Anchorman Tom Brokaw, *The Right Stuff* Author Tom Wolfe and ABC White House Correspondent Sam Donaldson. Former CBS Anchorman and veteran Space Reporter Walter Cronkite proudly announced that he was in the running. To be considered, applicants must be U.S. citizens and have five or more years of full-time professional experience reporting contemporary events in print or on television or radio. There is no age limit, and aspirants who reach the final selection process will be screened by a new, less stringent medical

standard established by NASA for such civilian projects: free of disease, injury or other condition likely to interfere with the mission or preflight training; eyesight correctible to at least 20/40 in the better eye; able to hear a whispered voice from 3 ft. away (hearing aids are permissible); and a blood pressure reading of less than 160 over 100. "There ought to be a great ad-



**Project Director Eric Johnson and last-minute entries**  
*More than half the applicants waited until the deadline.*

vantage to prove that any old fart can do it," quipped the 69-year-old Cronkite.

The winner, as the application form notes, will be selected for "demonstrated professionalism" and "the ability to communicate clearly and effectively to mass audiences in both electronic and print media." To this end, each candidate had to write two essays, one explaining how he would communicate the experience of space travel, the other speculating about reporting from space ten to 20 years from now and what it would mean to journalists, their profession and the public.

Although the essay requirements may have caused widespread writer's block and discouraged some potential candidates from sending in applications, others

seized the opportunity to spin out spacy prose. "To beat through the air and clouds and sail through the vast ocean of vacuum; what must that be like?" wrote former ABC News Correspondent Geraldo Rivera in words that must have heartened his competitors.

Applicants will first be winnowed to a total of 100, with 20 from each of five geographical regions, by panels of journalists and journalism professors. Then each region will select eight semifinal candidates by late March. These 40 survivors will be interviewed in Washington early in April by a national selection panel that includes such luminaries as former *Wall Street Journal* Editor Vermont Royster, and Osborn Elliott and James Atwater, deans respectively of the Columbia University and University of Missouri journalism schools. This panel will further narrow the field to five finalists. By mid-April, NASA will choose the winner and a backup.

NASA's competition generated the usual carping among journalists. Some feared that the winner might become a shill for the space agency or be restricted in reporting the training or mission. Veteran space-beat reporters cast wary eyes on some of their competitors who cover other subjects rhapsodically. "No journalist will have any trouble conveying the beauty of space flight," said *Aviation Week's* Craig Covault. "You need someone who can convey the substance beyond taking deep sighs at the view out the window."

**B**ut even the most seasoned space reporters must have been daunted by the trials of newly refurbished *Columbia*. The shuttle not only had seven launches scrubbed before finally blasting off last week but was waved off three times from landing because of clouds and rain at Florida's Kennedy Space Center. At week's end, after the third wave-off for a Kennedy touchdown, Mission Commander Robert ("Hoot") Gibson brought the orbiter safely back to earth at Edwards Air Force Base in California. That left NASA barely enough time to ferry *Columbia* back to Florida and prepare it for a Halley's comet mission in March. *Columbia's* frustrations seemed not to trouble Space Teacher McAuliffe, who plans to broadcast lessons from *Challenger* via satellite next week to students in schools, colleges and universities around the U.S. "Her enthusiasm is a very infectious thing," said Alan Ladwig, manager of NASA's space-flight participation program. "She's a natural for the mission."

—By Jamie Murphy.  
Reported by Marcia Gauger/Cape Canaveral and Jerry Hannifin/Washington



## A Skeptical Eye on Contacts

*Complaints about extended-wear lenses are on the rise*

**C**arol Melzer, 30, of La Grange, Ill., was visiting friends in France when the trouble began. "My eye started bothering me on Sunday night," she recalls. "By Tuesday morning I was in the American Hospital of Paris." Her problem: a severe infection apparently caused by her use of extended-wear contact lenses. Though doctors managed to control the infection, Melzer's cornea was so badly scarred that she was virtually blind in her right eye.

Melzer is one of several million Amer-

ophthalmologists offer several possible explanations for the extended-wear problems. The lenses can be worn for weeks because they contain many more tiny pores than traditional soft lenses, allowing an increased supply of oxygen and water to reach and nourish the cornea. But the myriad pores encourage the buildup of deposits on the lenses, creating a perfect breeding ground for bacteria. The resulting infection spreads to the cornea and can cause partial or complete blindness in just 24 hours. Even if the



**Inserting a 30-day lens: promises of convenience, comfort and affordability**

*Ignoring signs of trouble can be "like driving 80 m.p.h. in a 55-m.p.h. zone."*

icans who have purchased extended-wear contact lenses, which were introduced six years ago. Like the others, she was attracted by the convenience of the devices; they are more comfortable than hard lenses, easier to care for than traditional soft lenses and have Food and Drug Administration approval for a maximum of 30 days of continuous use before being removed for cleaning. But along with the soaring sales has come an alarming increase in complications, complaints and lawsuits against lens manufacturers and retailers. Lens-related infections like Melzer's have become so commonplace, says Dr. Kenneth Kenyon of Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston, "it's rare that we don't have a patient in the hospital with one on any given day." In a small number of cases, the wearers develop severe ulcers and scarring of the cornea, the transparent layer of cells stretching over the pupil and the iris, or colored part of the eye. Last year Dr. Donald Doughman of the University of Minnesota treated six patients for serious infections. Some of them may require corneal transplants to restore their vision, he says. "We just feel lucky that no one lost an eye."

problem is caught and treated early, Kenyon says, a scar often remains, interfering with vision.

Trouble may also occur because the lenses are worn at night. With eyes shut and lenses in place, says Doughman, the oxygen supply to the cornea may be reduced enough so that, in some cases, the corneal cells are damaged, thus making the eye vulnerable to attack by bacteria.

Users are often at fault. Some wear the lenses longer than their doctors recommend or fail to clean them properly when they are removed, allowing the buildup of deposits and proliferation of bacteria. Others ignore early signs of trouble. "Continuing to wear these lenses after the eyes have become red or uncomfortable is like driving 80 m.p.h. in a 55-m.p.h. zone," warns Dr. James Aquavella of the University of Rochester. "When in doubt, take them out."

Another problem is the availability of the extended-wear lenses in discount optical outlets, which advertise the lenses for as little as \$40 (compared with the few hundred dollars charged by most ophthalmologists). But many of these outlets do not give their extended-wear customers

adequate instruction on the proper use of the contacts and skimp on the follow-up visits needed to uncover any hidden problems. Says Seymour Besem of the Los Angeles County Optometric Society: "The cost is not the lens; it's the doctor's time."

Responding to the growing number of complaints, the FDA has launched an investigation of extended-wear lenses. Meanwhile, the agency urges users to follow cleaning instructions carefully and not wear the lenses longer than their doctors recommend. Many ophthalmologists are warning consumers not to purchase the lenses from retail outlets or wear them for more than two weeks at a stretch. Minnesota's Doughman has gone even further. His clinic will no longer dispense the lenses for cosmetic use. Until doctors can find out more about the cause of the infections, he explains, "we just feel it is safer not to put any of our patients at risk."

—By Christine Gorman. Reported by Barbara Dolan/Chicago and Suzanne Wymelenberg/Boston

## Roto-Rooter

*Reassessing stroke surgery*

**T**his year alone, more than 100,000 Americans will undergo carotid endarterectomy, a Roto-Rooter-like procedure designed to scoop fatty blockages from the carotid artery in the neck. The operation is intended to reduce the chance of stroke by allowing blood to flow more freely through the carotid to the brain. There is just one problem, bluntly stated last week at an American Heart Association meeting by Dr. Mark Dyken, chief of neurology at Indiana University: "No careful study has ever shown any conclusive benefit." Of more concern, according to a survey conducted by Dyken and Statistician Robert Pokras, the operation carries a 2.8% risk of death and at least as great a risk of actually causing a stroke. "In the light of present knowledge," said Dyken, "there are too many procedures, performed by too many surgeons, in too many places, with too high a stroke-and-death rate."

Responding to Dyken, Neurosurgeon James T. Robertson of the University of Tennessee agreed that the excess surgery is "indefensible." Other surgeons are not so quick to condemn current practice. Since thorough studies have not been conducted, says Dr. Russel Patterson, president of the American Association of Neurological Surgeons, "nobody knows whether the operation is overdone."

Several controlled studies of the merits of endarterectomy are in the planning stages. But for now, doctors suggest, candidates for such surgery should get a second opinion. Then if they decide to go ahead, they should choose an experienced surgeon at a major medical center. ■



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## No Case, Colonel

*A new twist in a long libel suit*

In 1979, when the Supreme Court ruled in the case of *Herbert vs. Lando* that plaintiffs in a libel suit have the right to probe into a journalist's "state of mind," many in the media bitterly protested. The courts, journalists argued, had become a kind of thought police, who licensed fishing expeditions into editorial decision making that would inevitably chill freedom of the press.

The fears were exaggerated; the news-gathering process does not appear to have frozen up. Moreover, it can be reasonably argued that in order to prove the press has recklessly or knowingly published a falsehood—the legal standard that public figures must meet to win a libel case—it is necessary to probe a journalist's thinking.

Now the case of *Herbert vs. Lando* has taken another twist, one that has press defenders crowing instead of complaining. Last week the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York simply tossed the libel suit out of court. It had begun more than a decade ago, when Lieut. Colonel Anthony Herbert sued CBS, *60 Minutes* Producer Barry Lando and Correspondent Mike Wallace for a 1973 broadcast questioning the Colonel's claim that he had been drummed out of the Army for reporting war crimes to his superiors. In a 43-page opinion, Judge Irving R. Kaufman, a member of the three-judge panel, ruled that Herbert had no grounds to take his case to trial. The CBS story, Kaufman wrote, was essentially accurate. To go to trial over some minor unresolved issues would be, the judge wrote, a "classic case of the tail wagging the dog."

The significance of the opinion may be far reaching, according to some First Amendment experts, if it encourages judges to dismiss more libel cases before they turn into long and expensive trials. Since few libel cases ultimately result in large damage awards, it is the cost of trying them, not paying damages, that the press fears and regards as a threat to its freedom. Judge Kaufman's ruling, says Floyd Abrams, a leading First Amendment expert, could "go a long way toward relieving the burden that the recent explosion of libel litigation has brought about."

Sighs of relief may be premature. Herbert, says his lawyer Jonathan Lubell, is considering taking his case to the U.S. Supreme Court. Lubell asserts that Judge Kaufman has long been sympathetic to the press. Indeed, the Supreme Court has reversed Kaufman before in this case, when the judge ruled in 1977 that libel plaintiffs do not have the right to probe a journalist's thoughts. Whether Colonel Herbert's controversial case will finally prove to be a sword to skewer the press or a shield to protect it remains to be seen. ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

## The Trouble with Being Fair

Accuse any journalist of being biased, and he will bridle. He will admit to having views of his own but argue that as a professional, he knows how to put them aside when he covers the news. Nine out of ten reporters and editors will say that they are willing to be judged by how fair their stories are to all sides. The tenth is named John L. Perry, and he is the editor of the Rome, Ga., *News-Tribune*.

In a speech to his fellow Georgian journalists (later reprinted in *Editor & Publisher*), Perry advised them, "Forget fair." He thinks that accenting fairness is a sure way to make newspapers "a gray morass of innocuous inanity." Not long ago, his paper, which is home owned in a city of 30,000, reported a crime in a convenience store. Two men forced the night clerk to open the till and then raped her. The paper reported the store's name and its location but not the victim's name.

A representative of the convenience-store chain complained that it was unfair to identify the store because that would tend also to identify the victim ("There is an element of validity to that," Perry concedes), but was more upset that the story had mentioned the chain's name. The only way the story could have been written to satisfy this complainant, Perry says, was "A woman was raped late last night someplace here." People involved in the news do not really want fairness, he insists, they want "favor, exemption, protection from public notice . . . They want only the 'good' news published—that their daughter won the scholarship, that their office exceeded its United Way goal."

Perry believed that a newspaper's duty is to be "accurate, timely, incisive and pertinent. Forget fair." Journalists working under the stresses of life in big cities may think of smaller communities like Rome as tranquil. The fact is that Editor Perry may be closer to the kitchen, and to the heat, than they are.

Newspapers, concerned about their credibility, are increasingly bent on parading as well as practicing their dedication to fairness. Let so-and-so be accused of defrauding a widow, and the *New York Times* will meticulously note that he "did not return telephone calls." A guilty person can no longer just hide out waiting for a story to blow over; he also stands convicted of not answering his phone. The late Edward R. Murrow used to complain against the kind of mentality that would give Judas equal space for his side of the story.

Today's newspaper is an odd mix of "fair" news, bland editorials and strong views of licensed polemicists. Fairness is not required of the polemicists; it would dull their act. These merchants of anger and scorn range from Mary McGrory's liberalism to the caustic contentiousness of William Buckley, George Will, James Kilpatrick and William Safire (those on the right now have the momentum, the self-assurance and the numbers).

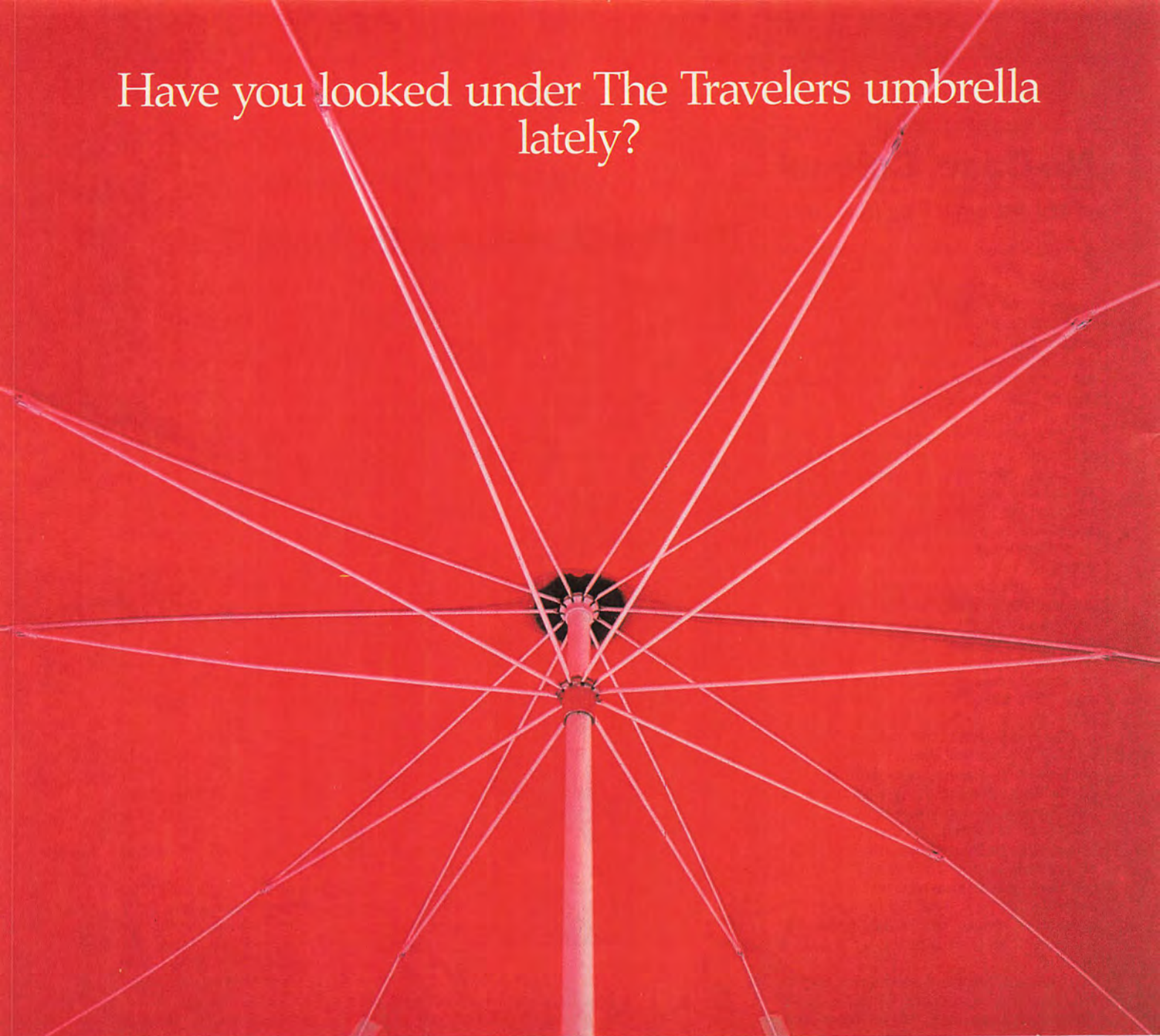
When it comes to fairness, what of the press conference and the televised interview? Too often, particularly when one of television's designated news personalities is doing the asking, the questioner seems bent on drawing attention to himself or hoping to provoke a quotable row. It comes across as badgering. But press conferences and interviews emerged historically as a means to check the unchallenged "Now hear this" of authority. The questioner exists to make officials respond to aspects of the story, uncomfortable to them, that otherwise might not get heard. A one-sided presentation thus becomes more of a fair exchange. Editor Perry may want to forget fair, but in this business there seems to be no escaping it.



Editor John L. Perry



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# People



Model youth: Schnarre shedding a tear as she is congratulated by fellow contestants

Is Brooke Shields over the hill? Hardly, but **Monica Schnarre** could make a college undergraduate feel ancient. At the barely ripe young age of 14, the 6-ft. brunette from Canada last week beat out 22 models



Ashlock: living legend

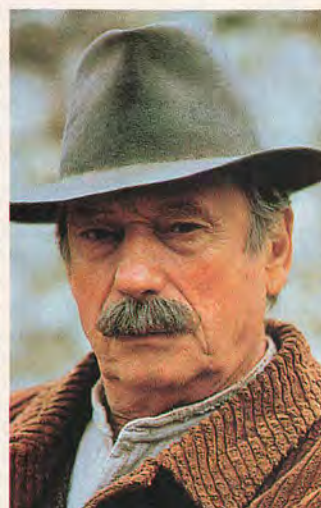
from 22 countries (including China) to become what the promoters modestly proclaim is the "Supermodel of the World." The contest, once known less grandiosely as "Face of the Eighties," is conducted annually by the Eileen Ford modeling agency, which will now award Monica a three-year \$250,000 contract, a \$10,000 diamond pendant and a \$6,500 fox fur. The Toronto ninth-grader hopes eventually to break into

the movies, but is satisfied for the moment with the profession she has been practicing for all of eight months. "The best part is the end result, seeing your picture," she says. Schnarre is the youngest winner ever. "She just happens to be tall enough and mature enough," explains Modeling Boss Ford. "At least I certainly hope it's not a trend." Does that mean diamonds and furs and modeling contracts just might be too much for some 14-year-olds?

The storybook legend of **Donna Ashlock** continues to grow. She is the California youngster whose romantically heartsick school friend, **Felipe Garza**, astoundingly prefigured his own death and directed that her sick heart be replaced with his. When Garza, 15, actually did die of a burst blood vessel in the brain, a transplant proved possible, and last week, just eleven days after the operation, Donna, 14, was well enough to log ten minutes on an exercise bicycle. Doctors at Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco said that her body showed no signs of rejecting her new heart and that she might be able to return home as early as this week. Whenever she leaves, it will be in secret since she has become a celebrity with all the pros and cons that now brings. In a videotaped statement she thanked Garza for his lifesaving gift and gratefully acknowledged the get-well wishes from everyone "who's been concerned about my transplant and how I'm doing." She and her parents now have some financial sorting out to do. At last

count, no fewer than 28 writers and producers had lined up for the rights to her story.

"Simone wanted me to do the film," recalls **Yves Montand**, "but I was on tour at the time. When you play on stage you feel, I wouldn't say young, but good, and to suddenly age for a role. At first I said no." Simone, of course, is his late wife **Simone Signoret**. The film is *Jean De Florette*, based on the story by Marcel Pagnol and completed on location in southern France three months after Signoret's death in September. Montand, 64, agreed to do the part only after donning the mustache of his character, the mean-spirited neighbor, César Soubeyran. "All of a sudden I saw myself aged ten or 15 years and instead of trying to hold back time I was pushing it ahead." Montand also savored



Montand: aging gracefully

the interplay with Co-Star **Gérard Depardieu**, "one of the best actors in the world," and the delights of the literate script. "The dialogue is so rich ... with the kinds of sentences that, mmm, you can taste because it's so close to the truth, so far from artifice," he says. "This film shows the grandeur of France, but the real France, not the pretentious, self-satisfied one." Which is not a bad way to describe Montand himself.



Homebodies: Bergen & family

Pretty babies call for pretty pictures, so when **Candice Bergen**, 39, and her husband, Director **Louis Malle**, 53, decided to pose with their two-month-old daughter **Chloe**, the couple commissioned longtime friend and noted Photographer **Mary Ellen Mark** to do a "nice little family portrait." Like her actress mother, "the baby was terrific" in front of the camera and the session went smoothly, reports Bergen, who is in no hurry to resume making movies. "I have things on hold for the time being because I'm so happy to be home with the baby," she says. "I think soon I'll have to get back to work. But at the moment, I'm restless by the middle of dinner to get back home." And what side of the family does little Chloe favor? "The French genes won out by a landslide," says Bergen. "This baby is a definite Malle and only has the appetite of a Bergen." —By Guy D. Garcia



## Sugary Satire

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS

Directed by Paul Mazursky  
Screenplay by Paul Mazursky  
and Leon Capetanos

**D**ave Whiteman (Richard Dreyfuss) has made a fortune in coat hangers and has a life-style, but not much of a life, to show for it. He drives a Rolls, has a white-on-white-on-white living room and employs a psychiatrist for his dog, a lovable mutt named Matisse. Like any good Beverly Hills matron, Barbara Whiteman (Bette Midler) employs a guru and a nu-



Nolte and mutt (not Matisse)

Upending conventions.

tritionist among the many other functionaries who cannot seem to solve her problems, which include too many migraines and too few orgasms. Their adolescent children, naturally, are having trouble with their sexual identities.

Welcome, once again, to hard times among the upwardly mobile. And welcome, once again, to Jean Renoir's *Boudou Saved from Drowning* (1932), which Paul Mazursky has revised in the process of remaking, possibly with half an eye on *My Man Godfrey*, that 1936 Hollywood parable of regeneration among the pampered class. This time the bum, who is not only rescued from suicide but given bed and board by the guilt-ridden paterfamilias, is played by Nick Nolte, and he makes a good job of it, especially if one's memories of shaggy Michel Simon in the original have been sufficiently dimmed by the passage of time.

Simon's *Boudou* is often described as prehippie; Nolte's Jerry, it figures, is posthippie. But the effect is the same. He is gloriously rude, insufferably arrogant. He dislocates respectable convention with everything from his table manners to his sexual morality, eventually bedding every female in the house, including the maid.

Having gained the Whitemans' attention and the audience's complicity in his outrageousness, Jerry manages to teach everyone a lesson or two about living a little more freely and, maybe, happily.

Mazursky varies Renoir's ending, refusing to permit his tramp to rediscover the freedom of the open road; the director seems uncertain about who finally benefits most from this strange encounter. Indeed, the old film that *Down and Out* most consistently evokes is Mazursky's own *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, also a nervously ambiguous but hilariously etched caricature of the bourgeois at self-improving play. In his desire to back away pleasantly from some of his tale's more critical implications, he relies too much on reaction shots of Matisse for easy, innocent laughs. Well, Disney did produce the film (its first with an R rating), and on the basically farcical level where it chooses to stay, it is a funny and likable movie.

—By Richard Schickel

## Folk Artistry

KAOS

Directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani  
Screenplay by Paolo and Vittorio  
Taviani and Tonino Guerra

**L**uigi Pirandello died 50 years ago this December, but his influence is still palpable in Italian cinema. Recently Marcello Mastroianni has starred in two adaptations, of the novel *The Late Mattia Pascal* and the play *Henry IV*. Both movies offer aspects of the basic Pirandello theme, in which the universe is a carousel whirling off its moral axis, and man's ego is a mask that conceals a gaping void. In their entrancing new film, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani have revived a less familiar Pirandello: the compulsive storyteller, spinning tales about his native Sicily, its stern landscape and elemental passions. *Kaos* dramatizes four of the short fictions Pirandello collected in his 15-volume *A Story for Every Day in the Year*. Three (*The Other Son*, *The Jar* and *Requiem*) are just fine, anecdotes about longing and power in which the inexplicable nuzzles up against the predictable. A fourth (*Moon Sickness*) and an epilogue, which lures the author into his own imaginary world, are small miracles of narrative. They raise the folkloric to folk artistry.

Twenty days after her marriage to a gentle farmer named Batà (Claudio Bigagli), pretty Sidora (Enrica Maria Modugno) is startled to hear the baying of an animal in torment. It is Batà, who, as he explains, suffers fearful convulsions each night of the full moon. A scholar of his own illness, Batà instructs Sidora to lock herself away from him, but as the moon waxes he breaks through a window and attacks her. Come the next full moon, Sidora is prepared for the worst and the best. Her handsome cousin Saro (Mas-

simo Bonetti) will protect her and, if God hears her prayers, fulfill the desperate passion they have for each other. That night, a cloud passes across the moon, sparing Batà from his convulsions and offering him a glimpse of his wife undressing for her lover. A new, more powerful sickness fells Batà, and as he finally sinks into exhaustion, Sidora cradles him in her pity and guilt. So they sit, their lives mapped before them, each with a mortal affliction as lunatic as the ache of ecstasy.

Here, as in *Padre Padrone* and *The Night of the Shooting Stars*, the Tavianis' style is surrealism made simple. Their fantastic fables are filtered through a peasant ruggedness; their images are as



Antonutti as Pirandello

Conjuring up visions.

clear as a Giotto fresco; the actors find precision in the volcanic gestures of Italian opera. In one scene, Batà sits alone in the town square to confess the origin of his ailment, and a flashback shows the infant Batà in a field at night, his huge eyes transfixed by the harlot moon. No minimalist torpor for the Tavianis—every frame is over the top and on the money.

In the epilogue, Pirandello (Omero Antonutti) visits his old village two years after his mother's death. An aged carriage driver seems vaguely familiar; then Luigi remembers—"You're Saro!"—and the driver smiles back, suddenly as young as he was in *Moon Sickness*, and as vibrant as only a creature of the imagination can be. Once at home Luigi conjures up a vision of his mother, who recalls an incident from her adolescence, when she and her siblings stopped at an isolated pumice-stone island near Malta. They climbed to the top of a white dune, then bounded gaily down toward an impossibly blue Mediterranean, the pumice ash rising like a breeze to embrace them in the seductive promise of youth. Our carousel may be spinning toward disaster, the Tavianis say, but to the music of art and memory we can ride sweetly forever.

—By Richard Corliss



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# Show Business

## Tugging at the Old School Ties

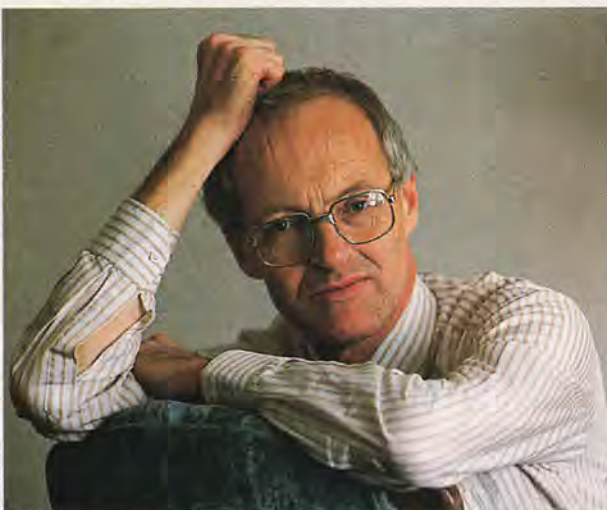
*Michael Frayn's rueful urbanity livens Broadway and a new film*

Britain's most versatile man of letters was once the fledgling rebel with a cause. When Michael Frayn was a schoolboy in the late 1940s, he and a friend "discovered the revolutionary tradition. We ran an unofficial Marxist cell, and I described myself as a Communist." Frayn's widowed father, an asbestos salesman and orthodox Laborite, was not amused. He declared that higher education was rubbish and that Michael should leave school to become a sales trainee. The son, more mole than firebrand, slowly undermined that plan and found his way to Cambridge, first as an army recruit sent to learn Russian, then as a full-time student. There he discovered, and was seduced by, the very class of society that Marxism had taught him to hate: socially adept, physically graceful and intellectually poised aristocrats. Recalls Frayn: "I was immensely charmed by their sense of style, maybe a little overimpressed by their coolness and insouciance. I did not think I could become one, but they fascinated me."

Those Cambridge encounters further propelled Frayn away from asbestos sales and into an exemplary career as journalist, novelist and playwright. While still an undergraduate, he contributed to the premier humor magazine *Punch*. Straight out of school, he wrote news and columns for the Manchester *Guardian* and then the *Observer*. Turning to fiction, he produced five deft, whimsical novels centered on class conflicts and old school ties. In the past decade he has emerged as one of Britain's leading playwrights. His glimpse of backstage pandemonium, *Noises Off*, was a Broadway hit two seasons ago. Seven earlier scripts have been produced, most of them in London and by companies in Seattle, Dallas, Washington and New Haven. His dark comedy *Benefactors* is the Broadway season's most acclaimed play. *Wild Honey*, Frayn's bold adaptation of the young Anton Chekhov's *Platonov*, packed the house at London's National Theater and is due in the U.S. this fall. And in March, Frayn's first film, a rueful comedy called *Clockwise*, opens in London. Typical of Frayn, who has "always adored farce," his plot revolves around a social-climbing headmaster (John Cleese) who misses a train and frantically tries to catch up.

The articulate and urbane author, now 52, long ago caught up in style with the blue bloods he admired in his youth. But he has often been beset by doubt. For years after the flop of his Cambridge

*Footlights* revue, he belittled the theater as an art form. His turn to the stage, abandoning a novel halfway through, was an act of desperation. "I lost faith in my own voice, and I liked the stage because the characters do all the talking for you." The shift brought criticism: "I was very conscious of the disapproval of friends



Detachment as comic style: the playwright in Manhattan

and reviewers who felt I was taking a rather sharp step downward." Since then, however, playwriting has won Frayn a wider following and much more money than his earlier ventures: *Noises Off* has been running for four years in London, and Steven Spielberg paid producers a reported \$1 million plus for the screen rights, an act Frayn regards as folly. "I was asked if I would write the screenplay," he recalls, "and said I would be delighted if I had the faintest idea how it could be done as a film, but I don't. As far as I know, nothing has happened with the project since."



Wry *Benefactors*: Waterston and Close  
Each critic finds new meaning.

One traditional measure of a superior play is that it can sustain widely varying interpretations. *Benefactors* meets that test. Nearly every critic has lavished praise on the work; each has found his own version of the script's meaning. Some saw it as portraying the death of liberalism, others as a comment on the unworkability of democracy. In London, it was widely viewed as a social satire about the professional classes: its self-deluding hero, an architect planning high-rise public housing, seeks to tear down as unlivable a neighborhood of row houses very much like his own. The play's structure—overlapping reminiscences and flashbacks—suggests the unattainability of objective truth and the aching burden of memory. Frayn does not fault the reviewers. "I know the play rather well," he says, "yet I found it very difficult to give a brief description for a collection of my work."

Critics who saw both have generally preferred the London production, but Frayn seems to favor the Broadway rendition, starring Sam Waterston as the architect and Glenn Close as his wife. "This version brings out more strongly the feelings and relationships of the characters," Frayn notes, "and also the narrative. That has something to do with the audience. Americans seem much more amused by the twists and turns of the plot." This emphasis on emotion marks a deliberate departure from Frayn's customarily wry, bemused tone. He explains, "All humorous writing is detached. What makes it comic is a refusal to be involved with the feelings of the characters. There is rather less of that approach in *Benefactors*."

*Benefactors* sharpens its bite on the two marriages it portrays: one disintegrates, the other survives but lapses into isolation and cynicism. Frayn's novels, notably *Sweet Dreams* and *Towards the End of the Morning*, also evoke the slow decay of marriage and depict children as noisy housewreckers. His own marriage effectively ended with a separation five years ago; his frequent companion, as British newspapers phrase it, is Claire Tomalin, literary editor of the London *Sunday Times*. Frayn says he remains close to his daughters, one a novice BBC staffer, another a would-be journalist, the third applying to universities. He admits that his sour descriptions of beleaguered parenthood and the "squalor of middle-class domestic life" derive from memory. But he adds, in a line echoing the sensibility of *Benefactors* and his other work so aptly that it might be his literary credo, "One always has great nostalgia for experiences that were emotionally intense, even if one had mixed feelings about them at the time."

—By William A. Henry III



# SINGULAR VISIONS

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Foreword by R.B. Kitaj

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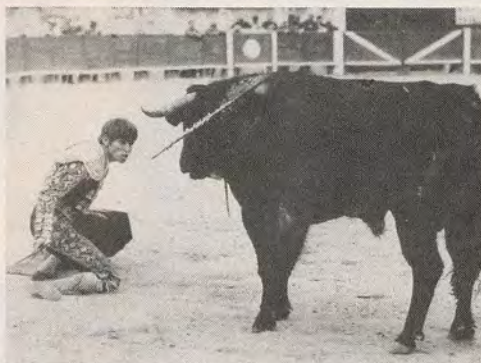


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## The Velocipede of Modernism

*Lyonel Feininger's early work finally reaches the U.S.*

**L**yonel Feininger is one of those artists whose names evoke one kind of painting, and one only. Translucent planes carving up space like glass knives, suggesting churches, ice caves or winter seas—in Feininger, the symbolism of the German romantics, especially of Caspar David Friedrich, is passed through an illustrative language based on cubism. It is legible cubism, shorn of its ambiguities. Under the modern surface, there is always a hint of the sublime, the transcendental, perilously near to kitsch—Crystal Cathedral uplift, the fount of much hotel-lobby art and many a “serious” get-well card.

In the last years of his life, Feininger (1871-1956) was about as popular as any modern artist in America could then be; and despite his German name, his years of teaching at the Bauhaus and his flight from Nazi Germany, he was American, having been born in New York City and emigrated to Europe in 1887. He longed to be a musician, supported himself by drawing caricatures and illustrations and did not start painting until he was 36. Naturally, Feininger did not begin with the style he is known for. But until lately, little was known of his early efforts. Most of them remained in East Germany.

It took decades to get them back. When the Nazis branded Feininger a “degenerate artist” in 1937, he left 54 paintings for safekeeping with a Bauhaus friend named Hermann Klumpp. After the war, and for the rest of Feininger's life, the perfidious Klumpp refused to give them back, on the casuistic ground that although Feininger had “intellectual ownership” of the paintings, he, Klumpp, was their “actual physical owner.” Moreover, they were in East Germany, whose Communist government refused to surrender them to America. Their ownership had passed to Feininger's wife Julia on his death, and after she died in 1970 an executor of the Feininger estate, Art Lawyer Ralph F. Colin, went into high gear. It took him 14 more years of negotiation, a lawsuit against Klumpp and another against the government of East Germany to winkle out the missing paintings and get them to New York City. They were first exhibited at the Acquavella Galleries in Manhattan last fall. Now they can be seen (through Feb. 9) at the Phillips Collection in Washington.

To become a painter at all, Feininger had to disintoxicate himself of cartoon-



**Scurrying nostalgia: *Carnival in Arcueil, 1911***

ing. It was not easy. Curiously enough, his first serious attempts, done as a student in Paris in 1907, were among the most painterly he would do for years: in *Steeple Behind Trees, 1907*, the caricaturist's facility of line is replaced by a splendid density of paint and assurance of marking. His way of cutting in rectangular dabs of color with a square-tipped brush seems to predict the shardlike planes of his mature work.

Back in Germany by 1908, Feininger became an illustrator again, with a half-



**Splendid density: *Steeple Behind Trees, 1907***  
*Between the Biedermeier and the B-17s.*

ironic, half-nostalgic fixation on the 19th century. His early cityscapes, like *Carnival in Arcueil, 1911*, carry the picturesque to the verge of silliness. What have they to do with the “modern”

life that modernism was supposed to be extolling, these scurrying figures in Biedermeier frock coats and baggy trousers, with stovepipe hats jammed at queer angles on their heads? Not much: Feininger's crowds never tell the depressing truth about urban friction that would glare from the streetscapes of some of his German contemporaries, like Max Beckmann or Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. Around 1910 Feininger was still seeing the cities of Europe, especially those of Germany, as the stage set of a fairy tale. The trains (a favorite motif) are cute Puffing Billys with red-spoked wheels, 40 years out of date; the bicycles are velocipedes or penny-farthings; the houses are as obstinately medieval as those of Disney's yet uninvented Magic Kingdom. (Of course, those remnants of medieval architecture were a more common sight in Germany then, before the B-17.)

There was a fashion among German illustrators at the turn of the century for this kind of 1860s costume-partying (see how quaint our ancestors were!), and Feininger followed it closely. No wonder the mannerisms of his style—the capering windblown figures, the big feet and pin heads, the bright acidulous color and general air of good-humored flakiness—seem to have more to do with Beatles album covers and 1960s graphic artists like Alan Aldridge or Peter Max than with the future of modernist painting. Apparently he could handle only one change at a time; to hold the kind of color he now wanted to get into his work—fauve-expressionist stuff, patchy, high-keyed and bright, in which a sea could just as easily be rose madder or lemon yellow as blue or green—he needed the certainties of his former illustrator's style, with a line around every patch.

By 1911-12, cubism had entered his work via architecture: buildings, after all, were ready-made of planes and facets, to be pushed, lapped and dissolved as needed. The last comical gnomes were gone from Feininger's streets before the end of World War I. His years at the Bauhaus, which put him in daily touch with Walter Gropius, Paul Klee and Wassily Kandinsky and produced his “high” crystalline style, are not well represented in this show. The reason is simply that Feininger brought those paintings to America with him: he could not bear to leave them behind. It now remains for some museum to put them together with this early work (and some of the caricatures) and give us the whole artist.

—By Robert Hughes



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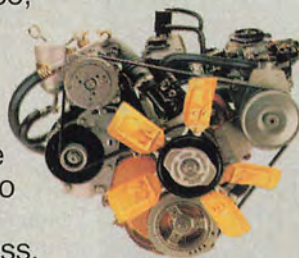


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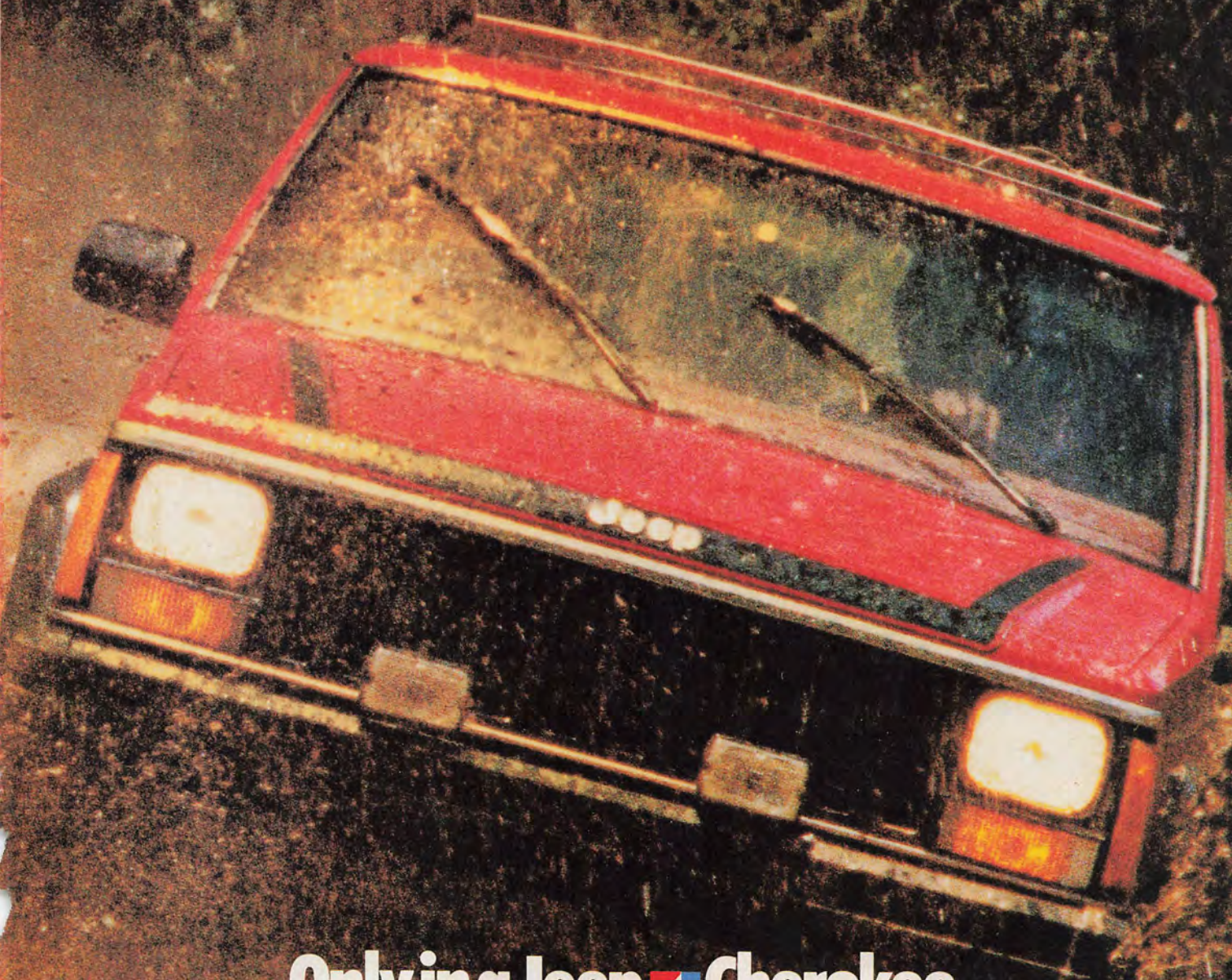
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# Computers

## The Granite State of the Art

*A computer buff is transforming New Hampshire*

In his office, he frequently wheels around in a swivel chair to pluck a fact or figure from the IBM PC AT perched behind his big wooden desk. In the backseat of his chauffeured sedan, he taps away on the keyboard of a notebook-size Hewlett-Packard, stopping only when a sharp turn sends the little computer sliding off his knees. At home in bed, he parks the portable computer on his ample lap and reviews financial statistics, occasionally looking up to watch Ted Koppel on ABC's *Nightline*.

John Sununu, 46, is not just another well-heeled computer buff. He is the Governor of New Hampshire, and the data he pores over so diligently represent the state's \$1 billion in annual expenditures. Using the computer and modem in his office in Concord, he can punch in his name and secret password, log on to the state's IBM 4361 mainframe computer and get a quick reading, in glowing green digits, of the state's financial health: room-and-meal tax returns (\$30.3 million as of last November), business-profits taxes (\$28.4 million), out-

of-town travel expenses for the leaders of the legislature (\$300). "It is my conviction that one needs to go down to the lowest source to get intimate, unbiased data," says Sununu, glancing at the screen of his desktop machine. "And I'm looking at the full data base [information library]."

The Republican Governor's prowess with computers has become legendary in New Hampshire. When a party worker complained that he was having trouble with a mass-mailing program, Sununu spent a few minutes at his keyboard and solved the problem. Reviewing an environmental group's study of the impact of a new dam, Sununu zeroed in on a questionable variable in the calculations and set the record straight. After one of the Governor's eight children turned up with a broken keyboard on his own home computer, Sununu scoured around for a replacement part and fixed it himself.

Sununu was inaugurated into the computer age in 1965 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he majored in mechanical engineering and

taught himself programming to help expedite his doctoral thesis on fluid mechanics. In 1969 he moved to New Hampshire, added Republican politics to his long list of interests and served in the state legislature; in 1982 he was elected Governor in an upset victory over the Democratic incumbent, Hugh Gallen.

Thanks in part to his computers, Sununu was soon able to deliver on a traditionally unkept campaign promise: he balanced the state budget without new taxes. Using financial-analysis software programs to enforce strict fiscal discipline, Sununu turned the \$41 million deficit he inherited into a record \$47.8 million surplus last year. He also streamlined the flow of budgetary data and reorganized New Hampshire's financial reporting systems so that records of all revenue and expenditures were channeled into the state's big IBM mainframe. Loading data from the mainframe into desktop machines and analyzing the numbers with Lotus 1-2-3 spreadsheets, the Governor and his staff can see at a glance where the state's money is going. Last fall, for instance, Sununu's office was able to forecast the shortfall in beer-tax revenues caused by the departure of summer-vacation guzzlers.

Sununu's hands-on, get-it-done-right

# 10 years old, and





attitude does not always sit well with local politicians. They complain that he is often arrogant and unwilling to listen to other opinions and that he speaks in computer-jargon "Sununu-ese." The Governor ruffled feathers in 1983, for example, when he decided to spend \$2.5 million of state lottery receipts on Digital Equipment computers for use in the public schools—without consulting the legislature or the local school boards. The deal collapsed in the face of court challenges and protests from school districts that wanted to have a say in which computers their students would be using.

But it is another computer—or at least Sununu's use of it—that has set off the biggest furor. Even before the new \$5 million Integrated Financial System went into operation last July, the legislators had voiced their fear that the electronically stored fiscal data would not be made available to them. Sure enough, when the house passed a bill that guaranteed the legislative leaders access to the IBM mainframe, the Governor managed to block it in the senate, insisting that he retain control over who could see the information stored in the machine. Said Sununu: "They'll get what we think they need."

The legislators were furious; by holding the state's computerized financial data



**Sununu, meeting with aides, plucks a fact from his PC**  
*Even in bed, a portable computer on his lap.*

close to his chest, Sununu seemed to be trying to shift the balance of political power from the state legislature, where it has traditionally rested, to the Governor's office. "The advent of the information revolution is a double-edged sword," says State Representative Wayne King, a Democrat.

"The question is whether everybody's going to have access to information, or whether we're going to concentrate it in the hands of a few."

After months of negotiation, Sununu finally agreed to issue a password to the chief legislative budget assistant and allow him to review, with certain restrictions, some of the data in the state mainframe. Still unresolved is the thorny question of how much of the computer's contents will be available to the public. Although the state supreme court has ruled that citizens may copy any public documents and information, Sununu maintains that the right to copy does not apply when the information is stored in a computer.

Surprisingly enough, Sununu's stinginess with New Hampshire's computer data apparently has not hurt him much among voters, who still display on their automobile license plates the historic Granite State motto: "Live Free or Die." In 1984 he was re-elected by 67% of the vote, and today his popularity rating is at an all-time high of 56%. "The public is demanding significantly better management from government," he says, before lapsing back into Sununu-ese, "and computerization can help the state leverage the capacity of employees to function better." —**By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Joelle Attinger and Rod Paul/Concord**

## still 20 years ahead

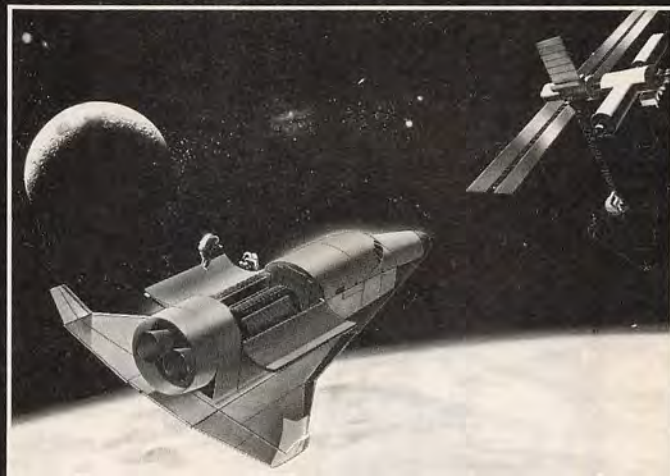
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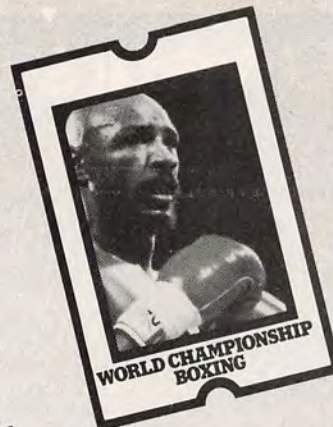


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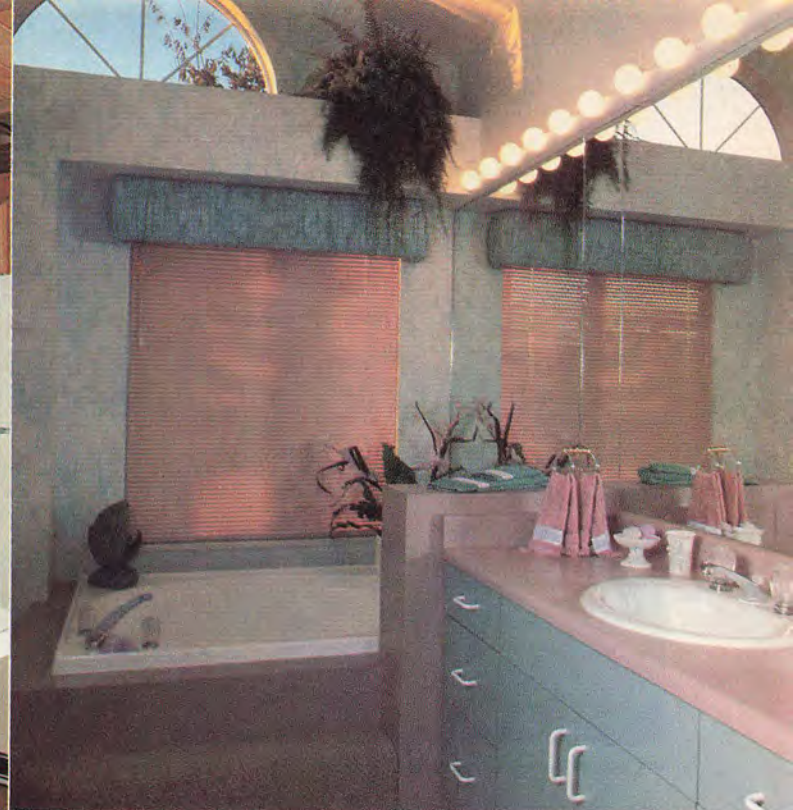
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## Independent States of Mind

*In New York City, International PEN generates heat and light*

There are more cheerful places to hold a conference than New York City in mid-January. The winter's coldest weather to date arrived with the delegates and guests. Central Park was a dismal filigree of naked branches; from hotel windows, the frozen ponds looked like the eyes of dead fish. And then there was the theme of the 48th annual congress of International PEN: "The Writer's Imagination and the Imagination of the State." PEN, founded in 1921, is an organization of poets, playwrights, essayists, editors and novelists. Almost any of its 10,000 members worldwide, it would seem, could invent a more inviting topic for discussion. But none did, and initial expectations were low for the organization that sees itself as "a dynamic moral force on a global level." At its frequent best, PEN has indeed aided the release of writers imprisoned for their works, tried to lessen censorship, and helped to establish an international forum for national literature. But at its most portentous, the group can suggest a second-rate graduate school, where the lecturers outnumber the students. Even some of the much honored guests seemed resigned to unending seminars filled with such marrow-chilling words as alienation and creativity.

No one was prepared for an exciting surprise. In a brilliant end run that assured world attention, American PEN President Norman Mailer asked Secretary of State George Shultz to deliver the gathering's opening address. Unfortunately, the novelist did not notify the PEN board of directors, who were dismayed when they learned of the invitation.

Many of them objected to a high-ranking representative of the U.S. Government speaking to American PEN, a group that loudly guards its independence from official censure or sanction. Said Susan Sontag, a prominent intellectual at the congress: "We have to as writers set ourselves in opposition to the extension of state power."

But Mailer's action was not reversible; once invited, the Secretary could not be uninvited. That was hardly the end of the matter, though. The day before Shultz was scheduled to appear, Novelist and PEN Board Member E.L. Doctorow protested in the *New York Times*: "It is more than a shame—it verges on the scandalous—that those in stewardship of American PEN



Secretary Shultz

and the conference should have so violated the meaning of their organization as to identify it with and put itself at the feet of the most ideologically right-wing Administration this country has seen."

The hyperbole would increase before Mailer publicly apologized for his unilateral action and Doctorow (without accepting the apology) wryly suggested that Mailer was practicing "constructive engagement of the Reagan Administration." Shultz's arrival at the opening ceremony at the main branch of the New York Public Library was greeted by an army of the night, brandishing a protest signed by 65 of the nearly 800 writers attending the congress. Amid cries of "Read the petition!" the Secretary expressed unexceptionably liberal sentiments favoring diversity and debate and condemning censorship. Shultz added to his speech by declaring in a rather general way his belief that the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act of 1952 should not be used "to deny visas merely because the applicant wants to say that he disapproves of the U.S. or one of its policies."

The protesters were not soothed. South

Africans felt a particular discomfort; they were discouraged by what they regard as the U.S. Government's sluggish response to apartheid. So it was no surprise when outspoken Novelists Nadine Gordimer and Sipho Sepamla and Poet Breyten Breytenbach boycotted the session. Nor was it astonishing to hear veteran Protester Grace Paley, a writer of finely controlled short stories, asserting wildly that "he [Shultz] is as responsible as anyone for the tortures and

the deaths in South Africa and elsewhere." Journalist and Social Critic Murray Kempton had little use for rhetorical excess and poses of moral superiority, although his critique cut both ways: "Walking out on Shultz is like walking out on pudding." Novelist Kurt Vonnegut mollified matters by offering a view from the cracker barrel: "It doesn't amount to a hill of beans if we invite the Secretary of State. We have a special situation here in America: a democratically elected Government. As an American citizen, I am responsible for my Government. It's good for us to be reminded of our responsibilities as voters."

Many foreign writers who traveled thousands of miles to the congress had trouble getting into the library. Having come to contemplate the imagination of the state, they first had to encounter its machinery. Shultz arrived in the care of the Secret Service and the New York City police. To get to the south reading room, delegates and the press had to



Norman Mailer and E.L. Doctorow



first pass through airport-style security. As the hall filled to capacity, writers were turned back and made to listen to the proceedings on a public address system. Peruvian Novelist Mario Vargas Llosa, who entered the crowded room only with the help of a journalist who reached out and pulled him in, told the *New York Times*, "There are Nobel prizewinners standing out in the street wondering what is going on here."

What was going on was a cacophony of frayed tempers and loud pronouncements. Doctorow, seething over the presence of the Secretary of State, announced that PEN was "a delicate organization with many foreign guests who suffer under regimes this Administration supports." Much was said about this situation; there was far less talk about other countries that support repressive governments, and hardly anything audible about repression that the U.S. condemns. A speech by UNESCO Director-General Amadou-Mahtar M'Bow, who backs the licensing of Western journalists covering the Third World, was politely received. No one demonstrated when Omar Cabezas, Nicaragua's chief of political direction in the Interior Ministry and author of *Fire from the Mountain: The Making of a Sandinista*, defended press censorship in his country. Many who decried Shultz's appearance did not know, or did not want to know, that in the past seven years PEN congresses have been addressed by many public officials, including the Presidents of Brazil and Venezuela and Jack Lang, the French Minister of Culture.

The Shultz issue continued to burn the following day when the writers assem-

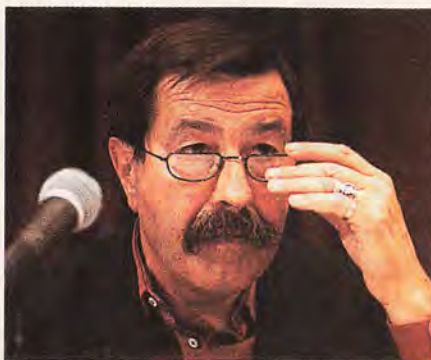


The U.S.'s Saul Bellow



Canada's Robertson Davies

bled. German Novelist Günter Grass grumped about having flown in from Europe to get a lecture about freedom and literature: "Writers listen to politicians, but I have never met a politician, and I've met many, who is able to listen." Gordimer called for a public reading of the protest letter, and Doctorow accommo-



Germany's PEN panelist Günter Grass

dated her. That should have ended the matter, but Mailer made his way to the platform to demonstrate his forensic footwork. "Frankly," he began, "I'm up here to protect myself before last night becomes myth." He explained that the idea to invite the Secretary of State had come from John Kenneth Galbraith. Mailer said he was sorry and then threw his opponents off balance by calling for a poll of the audience: "If I'm boring all of you, I'll step down. We'll take a vote." The show of hands was inconclusive, and Panel Moderator Doctorow rang the bell: "I may unilaterally declare you have to shut up." It was a draw.

Members of the congress then settled down, hoping to hear what they had come for: dazzling discussion. They were not disappointed. Gordimer likened a political body to a rotating mirrored ball in a dance hall: "It winks all over the place, casting back upon all who pass under its surveillance whatever spotlight it chooses to illuminate itself with from without—turning faces timid with green, tense with violet or happy with sunset-rose." John Updike defined his relationship to his Government in the pastoral image of a blue mailbox: "I send manuscripts away; I sometimes get praise and money in return." The optimism befitted a successful, middle-aged man of letters who lives far from the New York crowd. Thoughts of the official U.S. filled him with equanimity: The state "can imagine only a continual health, the vigor of a gently inflationary status quo; this is because its imagination is composed of the wills of thousands of its administrators, almost none of

## Amos Oz on Imagination

**T**he state has no imagination. "The imagination of the state" exists only in the imagination of some writers, like those who invented our title here. Some writers have indeed died in jails and gulags while others have thrived in courts and dachas. Moreover, "the sweet and simple common people" out there are neither sweet nor simple. We know, most of us, better than that. Just read your own books and see. The "state" is a necessary evil simply because many individuals are very capable of being very deadly. Moreover, some states are almost fair, some are bad, some are lethal. And since writers are, or at least ought to be, in the subtleties department and in the precision department, it is our job to differentiate. Whoever ignores the existence of varying degrees of evil is bound to become a servant of evil.

The tragedy of history is not the perpetual hopeless clash between saintly individuals and diabolical establishments, but rather the perpetual clash between the relatively decent societies and the bloody ones. To be more precise: the perpetual cowardice of relatively decent societies whenever they

confront the ruthlessness of the oppressive ones.

How can one be humane, which means skeptical and capable of moral ambivalence, and at the same time try to combat evil? How can one stand zealously against fanaticism? How can one fight without becoming a fighter? How can one struggle against evil without catching it? Deal with history, without becoming yourself exposed to the poisonous effect of history? Three months ago, in Vienna, I saw a street demonstration of environmentalists protesting against scientific experiments on guinea pigs. They carried placards with images of Jesus Christ surrounded by suffering guinea pigs. The inscription read: HE LOVED THEM TOO. Maybe he did, but some of the protesters looked to me as if eventually they may not be above shooting hostages in order to bring an end to the sufferings of the guinea pigs. Which is what I'm talking about in a nutshell—which is, to some extent, the story of my own country, and the story of do-gooders here and there, and maybe everywhere.

Let us not ascribe a demonic imagination to the state and a redeeming imagination to ourselves. It's all in our own heads—let's not give in to the temptation of simplifications. We ought to be telling bad from worse from worst.



Israel's Amos Oz



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## Books



Arthur Miller, Nadine Gordimer, Mario Vargas Llosa, Per Wästberg: a dynamic global force on a global level

whom wishes to lose his or her job."

The panelists' high level of intelligence and articulateness could not disguise an obstinate fact. Generally, writers who have suffered at the hands of their governments took dimmer views of the state than those who had not. To Hungarian Novelist George Konrád, the writer's responsibility is not loyalty but watchfulness. Exiled Czech Poet Jiri Grúsa spoke of the hatreds bred of rigid ideologies and isms. At times the discussions about collective and individual imaginations threatened to harden into polar abstractions, with the writer symbolizing individuality and freedom, and the state—whether democratic or Communist—invariably cast as the villain.

This susceptible notion was eloquent-

ny's Günter Grass countered bitterly, challenging the Nobel laureate to hear the echo of his words in the poverty-stricken South Bronx. It was an ungainly assault from a usually subtle and original mind, but Bellow responded with patient grace, "I was simply saying the philosophers of freedom of the 17th and 18th centuries provided a structure which created a society by and large free, by and large an example of prosperity. I did not say there are no pockets of poverty." It was exactly the sort of heavyweight matchup the delighted audience had come to hear.

Other participants mounted vigorous attacks on different fronts. Led by Betty Friedan, a rump group of feminists protested the small number of women on the panels. "Who's counting?" asked Mailer. The exchanges were fast and sharp. "Why do you look at us and not see?" demanded Novelist Erica Jong. Replied Mailer: "Erica Jong is the last woman in the world who can plead invisibility." Vargas Llosa brought an authentically tragic tone to the proceedings by speaking of his fellow Latin American authors. "There is a widespread belief that writers have a monopoly on lucidity on political matters and that the statesman has a monopoly on political blindness," he said. "But even great writers can be totally blind on political matters and can put their prestige and their imagination and fantasy at the service of a policy, which, if it materialized, would be the destruction of what they do." In Latin America, he warned, "we can effectively pass from Pinochet to the gulag. To be in the situation of Poland is no better than to be in the situation of Chile. I feel perplexed by these questions. I want to fight for societies where perplexity is still permitted."

By week's end one could almost accept Vonnegut's extravagant assessment of the proceedings as "the most gifted and articulate parliament, and the most planetary of this or any century." It was certainly the most glamorous and expensive, with a budget of about \$800,000, raised partly through donations, including 200 free hotel rooms at the St. Moritz by New York Real Estate Developer Donald Trump. Since the gifts are tax deductible, one might argue that even the U.S. Government was a contributor, a thought that

is taboo to many American PEN members and that suggests the possibility that the kickoff speaker could have been the director of the Internal Revenue Service.

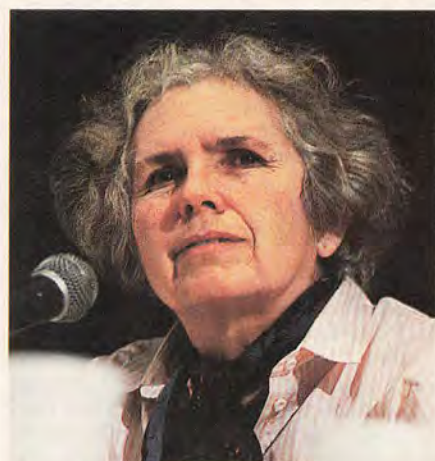
Among the many rewards of the congress was the chance for unknowns to meet such lions as Nobel Prizewinners Bellow, Czeslaw Milosz and Claude Simon as well as Playwright Arthur Miller and International PEN President Per Wästberg. They mingled in places as dissimilar as hotel coffee shops and the 34-room apartment of Saul Steinberg, the takeover artist. There was also a party at Gracie Mansion, where Mayor Edward Koch and Poet Allen Ginsberg hummed a mantra, and a wall-to-wall reception in the vast Egyptian wing of the Metropoli-



John Updike: in praise of mailboxes

ly shattered by Israel's Amos Oz. "Our title has about it a ring of romantic anarchism," he declared. "Indeed, a touch of Manichaeistic kitsch. I reject the image of a saintly lot of writers marching fearlessly to combat heartless bureaucracies on behalf of all the sweet and simple human beings out there. I am not in the business of beauties versus beasts." Stressing the need for writers, of all people, to make distinctions, Oz also rejected the notion that all states are equally bad (see box).

The confrontations grew more personal when Saul Bellow analyzed the American Dream and concluded that democracy was a resounding success. West Germa-



Grace Paley: in protest of Mailer

tan Museum of Art. Milling around the reconstructed Temple of Dendur, star watchers could search for the Santa Claus figure of Canadian Novelist Robertson Davies and eavesdrop on the exquisite ironies of Indian-born Novelist Salman Rushdie. Beside the reflecting pool, the gifted throng could contemplate the imaginations of two great states: a perfect theocracy that maintained its inflexible slave system even in the afterlife, and a permanently unfinished republic whose contentious factions offer possibilities still to be imagined.

—By R.Z. Sheppard.  
Reported by Dean Brelis and Amy Wilentz/  
New York



# Theater

## Pith and Vinegar

LILLIAN by William Luce

**L**illian Hellman will be remembered for her plays *The Little Foxes* and *Toys in the Attic*. But she seemed to yearn to be remembered for her defiance of the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1952, when it asked her to testify about her Stalinist ties and those of her associates. Throughout her 79 years, especially in the memoirs she wrote during her final two decades, Hellman delighted in presenting herself as tough, combative and above all principled. Many critics, among them former friends, accused her of having a higher regard for her reputation than for the literal truth: revisionists have presented detailed arguments that Hellman distorted or invented stories in her autobiographies, most notably in the section of *Pentimento* that was adapted as the movie *Julia*. Political enemies regarded her as an all but unrepentant Communist, although she denied having formally belonged to the party; to the end (she died in 1984), she prided herself on having been branded a "premature anti-Fascist" and sniped at those she felt had been faithless to the left's cause.

*Lillian*, William Luce's one-woman play that opened on Broadway last week, is not about this actual Lillian Hellman. Luce, who celebrated Emily Dickinson in *The Belle of Amherst*, culled Hellman's memoirs to put onstage something approximating the way she saw herself. The result is far from objective history. But it works absorbingly as ribald, poignant entertainment. One of the world's great actresses,



**Impeccable impersonation: Caldwell's Hellman**  
*Finding soft spots beneath the armor.*

Zoe Caldwell, enacts the writer's conversations and confessions in a blend of eerily precise impersonation (down to wearing Tea Rose, Hellman's favorite perfume) and voluble, free-spirited performance.

The narrative frame of *Lillian* is the day in 1961 when Hellman sat in death-watch near the bedside of her longtime

lover, Novelist Dashiell Hammett. Luce's choice of moment is shrewd. Unlike the sequestered Emily Dickinson, Hellman was one of life's winners, blessed with fame, money, affection and what she seemed to seek most, a measure of power. Her childhood disillusioned her. But whose childhood does not? Her adult life was not marred by more than the normal share of grief. Only the ordeal of Hammett's last illness makes her vulnerable enough for an audience to like, despite the verbal savagery that she hurled at almost everyone she knew. The decision to present Hellman in a two-hour monologue provides a further emotional advantage: because her targets are not visible, spectators can savor the pith and vinegar of her language rather than cringe at its impact on the victims.

Caldwell's impeccable timing allows her to glory in the one-liners: "Tallulah [Bankhead] was sitting in a group of people, giving the monologue she always thought was conversation." The actress's voice, which was a surging river in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and a twanging Oriental lyre in *Medea*, performances that won her Tony Awards in 1968 and 1982, strikes impressively varied notes in *Lillian*: Caldwell is by turns the childhood Hellman, her mother, her father, her nanny, Hammett and the actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Each evocation has a distinctive timbre, inflection and rhythm; each manages to seem independent of Hellman's shaping remembrance. The paramount strength of Caldwell's performance is her capacity to find soft spots in a woman who seemed armed and armored. This Lillian always longs for control but ends, fluttering and mute, knowing that finally she has none. —By William A. Henry III

## Milestones

**BORN.** To **Jessica Lange**, 36, Oscar-winning actress (for 1982's *Tootsie*) whose latest film is *Sweet Dreams*; and her companion of four years, **Sam Shepard**, 42, Pulitzer prizewinning playwright (for 1978's *Buried Child*) whose latest play is the critically acclaimed *A Lie of the Mind*: a daughter, their first child; in Santa Fe. Name: Hannah Jane. Weight: 7 lbs. 4 oz.

**BORN.** To **Olivia Newton-John**, 37, pop singer who has shed her perky PG image in recent albums (*Physical*, *Soul Kiss*); and her husband of a year, **Matt Lattanzi**, 27, teen-hunk actor (*Grease 2*): a daughter, their first child; in Los Angeles. Name: Chloe. Weight: 6 lbs. 8 oz.

**HOSPITALIZED.** **Yelena Bonner**, 62, wife of Soviet Dissident Andrei Sakharov, who had campaigned for 18 months by letters and with repeated hunger strikes so that she would be allowed to visit the West for medical treatment; in good condition, after surgery to bypass six of her coronary

arteries, a number her doctors called unusually high; in Boston.


**DIED.** **Donna Reed**, 64, hazel-eyed, sweetly pretty actress who came to symbolize the heartland virtues of American womanhood in films like *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946) but who won a supporting-actress Oscar when she played against type as a prostitute in 1953's *From Here to Eternity*; of cancer; in Beverly Hills. Best known as the warmhearted wife and mother in her weekly comedy television series *The Donna Reed Show* (1958-66), she once insisted that "the public really does want to see a healthy woman, not a girl, not a neurotic, not a sexpot." Her last role was the long-suffering Miss Ellie on *Dallas*, a show whose popularity indicates the opposite.

**DIED.** **James H. ("Sleepy Jim") Crowley**, 83, last of the great "Four Horsemen" backfield that led Notre Dame to a 19-1 record in the 1923-24 seasons; in Scranton, Pa. The small (160 lbs.), swift Crowley was

immortalized with his teammates by Sportswriter Grantland Rice: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

**DIED.** **Herbert W. Armstrong**, 93, autocratic founder-leader of the 75,000-member Worldwide Church of God; in Pasadena, Calif. Forsaking an advertising career in 1934 to become a radio preacher and self-proclaimed "Chosen Apostle" of God, Armstrong taught that Christians should deny the Trinity, shun medical care (though he used it as his own health deteriorated) and that remarried members should divorce their second spouses and rejoin their first (though he repealed that dictum in 1976 and a year later married a divorcee). Fanatically loyal members, many of them poor, tithed as much as \$75 million a year to his church.





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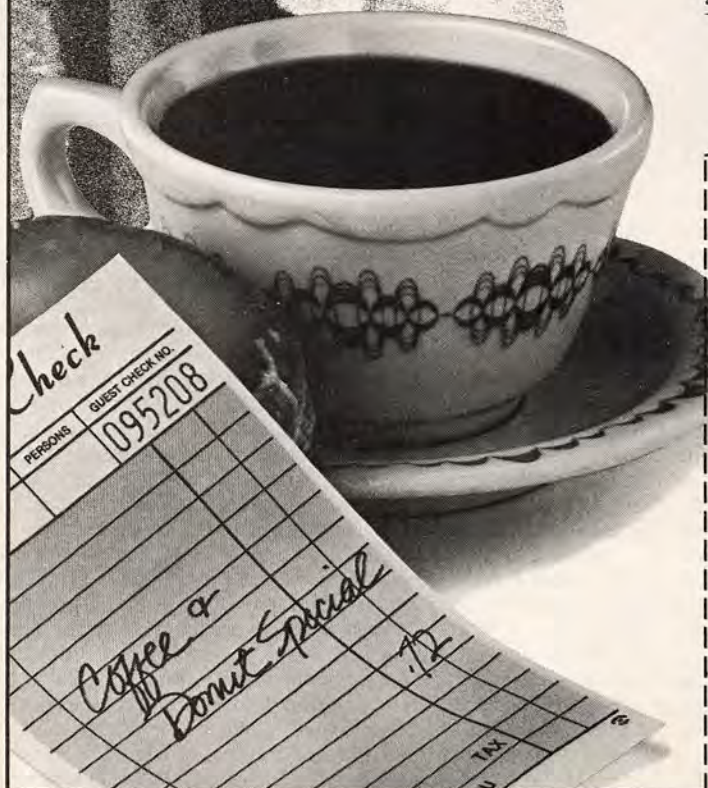
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## The Death of a Columnist

**J**oseph Kraft died on Jan. 10. Two hundred newspapers lost a column, one of the best in the nation. A clear light in journalism for 35 years, Joe wrote books, editorials and long reportorial analyses, but his regular "beat" consisted of producing two or three columns a week on national and foreign affairs. His columns were always stately, unhurried. They stared out from the page hard, like a good teacher absorbed in, though not quite obsessed by, his subject, and fixed the readers to the processes of a strong, fair mind. Presidents knew Joe, and he had power in Washington, but his force as a writer came from his dignity. He possessed a scholar's nature fitted to a frenzied profession; a spirit of magnanimity and gentleness; a temperament at once high-strung and serene; a sly sense of fun; a fierce love of words, of his work.

Strange work. Columnists take a ribbing from their fellow journalists, reporters especially, who tend to regard columnists with the same chummy contempt that linemen show quarterbacks. Reporters do the real work, sleep in cars, get kicked by Mafia bosses on the courthouse steps. Even editors do some sweating (yelling is taxing). But columnists ride the gravy train, that's what the pressroom says. In a way, it's true. They manage to arrive home before midnight; they dine with the brass. Their physical exercise consists of pacing all the way to the far end of the study, and often back again. Sometimes they sit up straight.

Otherwise, they brood. Into their study every morning parade the armies of the news. A knock on the door, and there stands Heseltine resigning from Mrs. Thatcher's Cabinet, Marcos on the stump, Gaddafi playing cowboy on his tractor, mummied to the nose. Come in, boys. The columnist will make sense of all this somehow. After the reporters and the editors have dumped the facts on the doorstep, the columnist, like a jigsaw addict, scoops up the pieces, studies the angles, mulls, clears his throat and says, with as much self-assurance as possible: This piece goes here, and this one here.

And then he asks: What piece is not here? What ground is missing from this puzzling geography that would allow us to view the map redrawn, to sit back and behold the brand-new country of our concern and comprehension? The piece is not really missing, of course; you just don't see it, like the shy side of the moon. Yet the missing piece is the one that counts.

That piece must be found very quickly; the column is due tonight. Meanwhile, more facts crowd the study door like extras on a movie set, peer in, cry, "Use me!" Guatemala, Mr. T, a new novel by Bellow; Dow Jones goes down, *Columbia* goes up. Say hey, Willie McCovey, you made it too. Nice hat, Mrs. Gorbachev. Hold it, please. I have to think. Didn't I read something by Octavio Paz that fits in here? Or was it Pia Zadora? Where is my authoritative, I've-studied-this-for-years lead sentence? Please, God, let me discover an apt quotation from someone other than Samuel Johnson. You have to sound as if you knew it all along. You have to shape your column too—mostly Doric, a Corinthian fluting when they least expect it. It's work. Whatever the others say, it's work.

Yet the laws of physics insist that work must move things:

A pushes against B, and B moves. What, besides paper, does the columnist move? He wonders that himself. Swiveling in his chair, he catches hummingbirds, bats, butterflies in flutter, pins them to the wall and whispers, "Gotcha." But he doesn't. Today Gaddafi, tomorrow the Chicago Bears. Call this history? Come Thursday, no one will remember how right he was on Tuesday, and the facts may have altered to prove that he was wrong on Tuesday after all, but who will remember that either? Twenty years after his death, maybe ten, how many readers will speak his name? Perhaps all columnists should change their names to Walter Lippmann. In the entire history of the game, only Lippmann's name survives.

So what good is effected in pointing that capacious intelligence at fast-moving targets? Why find the missing piece if even the visible pieces will vanish in a shot? Ask Joe Kraft, and he would have said that the good lies in doing it, in using the mind to grasp everything the world can throw at it, baseballs to missiles, because that is how the mind protects the body, protects itself. Understanding is protection. More: understanding is forewarning. More: understanding is life. The individual column does not count, because a column is not supposed to exist alone. A columnist looks to erect a whole assembly of columns, each single effort standing patiently at attention after it is created, until eventually a population emerges, a civilization emerges. The civilization is both an accumulation of the columnist's ideas and of his being; he is his collected works. More: he has shown that collecting the works is the way a life ought to be built, column by column, displaying both continuity and changes in the structure and in the architect. He has shown the way to make and use a mind.

More: there is always more, a deeper level to spot and land on, like a plane swooping down from bright white and blue into a heavy snow. People like Joe Kraft play Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist* all their lives—they cannot help themselves—requesting "more" where others are horrified by, or are deaf to, or fear, or pretend not to recognize the word. The more that is sought is a statement of innocence; one believes in his heart that enlightenment will be cheering, though experience proves that more often it is punishing. Still the optimistic pursuit continues, the pursuer buoyed every morning by that barrage of knocking on the study door, the news that the news is still coming strong, and that the bonfires are still being lighted around the world, signaling that everyone is still present, still cocking their senses for the missing more.

All columnists are fifth columnists. Prominent for a moment, they rapidly go out of view, but the influence stays, and the impulse to contemplate abides. It's not a career deep down; it is a protest against being overwhelmed by the speed of things, against letting the world get away from us. When Dickens' daughter died, he was in London and his wife in the country; he wrote her a letter telling her at the outset, "You must read this letter very slowly." Joe Kraft died on Jan. 10. You must read his death very slowly. The missing piece is the one that counts.

—By Roger Rosenblatt



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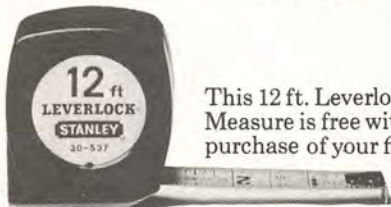
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